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AUGUST 25, 1964

IN THIS ISSUE:
The Pope & Catholic Freedom

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

Clare Boothe Luce Asks:

WILL THE PRESS DEFEND DEMOCRATIC EXTREMISM?

Also In This Issue:

TERRORISM IN SOUTH AFRICA ♦ THE RETURN OF GENERAL GRIVAS

BROGAN ON BEAVERBROOK ♦ HART ON WAUGH (A.) ♦ PLUS HERBERG, BURNHAM, KIRK, CATO, BUCKLEY, TOLEDANO, KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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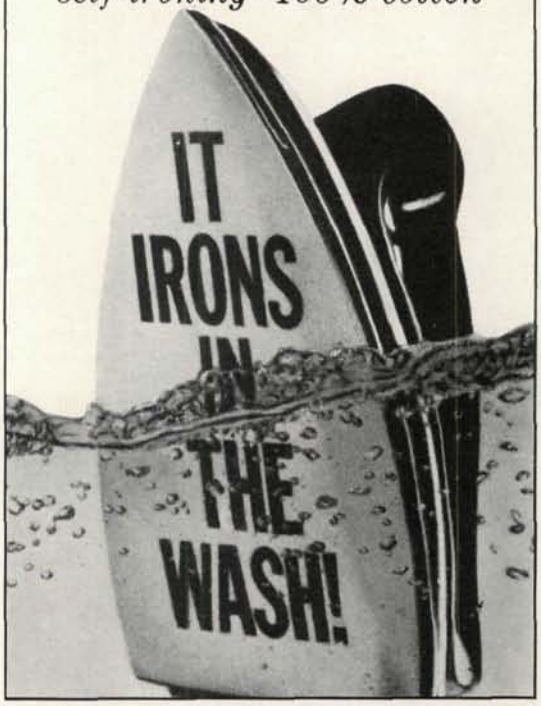

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CONTENTS *AUGUST 25, 1964 VOL. XVI, NO. 34*

THE WEEK 708

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor 706
What Mom Wrought ..... *Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 715
From Washington Straight ..... *Cato* 716
Bear-Baiting ..... *James Burnham* 718
'Extremism in Defense of the Democratic Party' *Clare Boothe Luce* 719
'He Did Not Give a Singel Dam' .... *Colm Brogan* 722
The Return of General Grivas .... *Charles Foley* 724
What About the 'Odious' McCarran Act? *Thomas F. Coon* 726
Terror in Johannesburg 727
Conservatives, Too, Have Tenure ... *Russell Kirk* 729
Trans-O-Gram 743
For the Record 744

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

The Limits of Papal Authority ..... *Will Herberg* 730
Ha, Ha! It's Awful ..... *Jeffrey Hart* 734
America: Baroque and Gothic *E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn* 736
From a Great Spanish Cancionero *Ralph de Toledano* 737
Books in Brief 738

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Clare Boothe Luce** rides again, and suggests that the opinionated, and opinion-making, Censors of San Francisco demonstrate to us, by their performance at Atlantic City, that they are prepared to ask as much of Lyndon Johnson as they have been asking of Barry Goldwater. Mrs. Luce's penetrating and finely wrought piece is a charter document in invoking the Conscience of the Press. The eloquent Mr. James Reston, who serves Mrs. Luce as a *corpus vile,* may find that to do as Mrs. Luce suggests would constipate him entirely, a state of being that results from extremism in defense of the Democratic Party. . . . Mr. **Charles Foley** lives in Europe where he writes and edits books. His experience in Cyprus is extensive, and he edited the memoirs of General Grivas, the hero of Cypriot nationalism. The mysterious general has recently surfaced and may very well find that effective power in Cyprus will devolve on him. What would he do with it? Mr. Foley has an idea. . . . The eloquent and tart Mr. **Colm Brogan** was a very close friend and collaborator of the giant Beaverbrook, and tells something of the character and genius of the old tyrant. . . . The *Economist,* almost alone, reported on a recent act of terrorism in South Africa, with an objectivity that makes, or should make, the American opinion-press ashamed. . . . And **Thomas F. Coon** asks whether the McCarran Act will ever be enforced.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** writes about a television program which featured three variations on the theme of Senator Goldwater and the Ku Klux Klan. . . . **James Burnham** completes his remarks on the Soviet-Chinese split. . . . And **Russell Kirk** describes the harassment of a conservative scholar.

➔ Three years ago a first-class row was kicked up as the result of an unappreciative reference in NATIONAL REVIEW to some aspects of the papal encyclical, *Mater et Magistra.* Mr. Garry Wills, taking this controversy as a point of departure, has written a book which will surely be a classic in understanding the relation between papal encyclicals and the political freedom of Catholics. This is a theme from which Mr. Paul Blanshard greatly profited with his famous book, published ten or so years ago, *American Freedom and Catholic Power.* Under normal circumstances we'd have turned Mr. Wills' book over to our Religion editor, the distinguished Mr. **Will Herberg,** to review. On this occasion we were stymied by the fact that it was Will Herberg who wrote the introduction to the book itself. With typical resourcefulness, we then decided to publish Mr. Herberg's introduction as the review of the book: which, of course, is what an introduction is. Mr. Herberg shares our enthusiasm for the volume, which he believes to be of vital significance to members of all faiths in understanding the political freedom of Catholics. Two issues hence we will publish a commentary on Mr. Wills' book by Murray Kempton, who read the book in manuscript, and became greatly interested in it. . . . Other reviews include the lyrical **Ralph de Toledano** on a few recent releases by the record companies. . . . The prodigious Professor **Jeffrey Hart** on four (4) new novels. . . . And **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** appearing in our pages this time as a book critic. ➔

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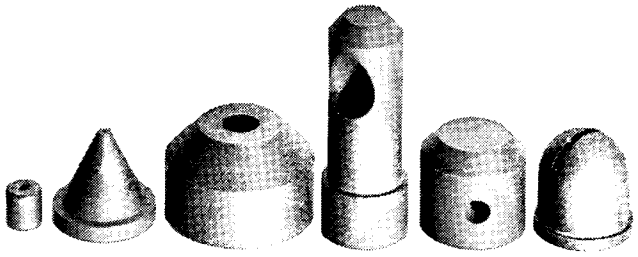

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To the Editor

Cow Palace Pyrotechnics

Mr. John F. Lehman Jr. of Pennsylvania writes me that the young people whom I described as YAFs in my article from the Cow Palace [July 28] should have been, in some instances, described as Youth for Goldwater. Though these distinctions are important to the organizations involved, I'm afraid they don't go very far with the general public. Let me assure Mr. Lehman that there was no intention to ruffle the feelings or disparage the efforts of either one.

Spence's Point, Westmoreland Co., Va. JOHN DOS PASSOS

If there had been any doubt as to the type of television coverage which the Goldwater campaign can expect during the next months, it was dispelled this evening [July 16] when the networks televised Senator Goldwater's acceptance speech. Although I was prepared for an unfavorable coverage, I could not have anticipated the amazing zenith which their slanted coverage and prejudice reached.

Time after time as the Senator paused in his speech, the viewer heard clapping, cheering and whistling from the audience. But where were these happy people? We never saw them. The cameras focused upon a group of sour, dejected individuals whose faces, often above Scranton and Rockefeller badges, became almost familiar in repeated shots.

Tucson, Ariz. XULLA COOPER LOVE

The July 28 issue of *NR* is so properly summed up in your let's-just-be-happy "here's mud in your eye."

There'll be more than mud. We suggest AU H_2O *vs* H_2SO_4. There will be plenty of noise from the Mod-Libs, the Lib-Libs and the Ad-Libs. In the meantime we especially enjoy "Focus on Nov. 3."

Pittsburgh, Pa. JOE AND MARY JO LILLY

The NATIONAL REVIEW is always good and your "Program for a Goldwater Administration" [July 14] is excellent.

I wish that Colm Brogan's "View from Abroad" could be printed in every magazine and newspaper in the United States.

Pennington, N.J. HORACE S. BAKER

(Continued on p. 739)

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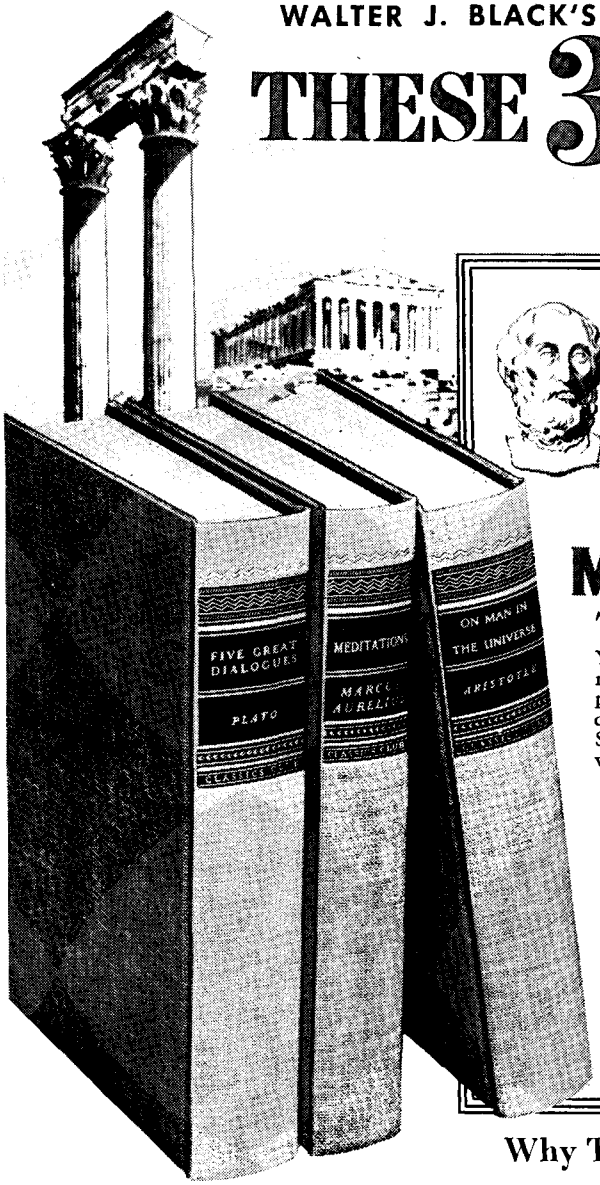

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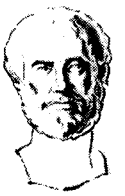

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The WEEK

● "No one has ever questioned his ability or his dynamic energy. But these very qualities . . . have in times of peace caused him to be considered dangerous, and a little uncomfortable to have around. Then, too, [he] has always represented the extreme viewpoint. He has never stood on middle ground—he went all out for anything he advocated." The references are to Winston Churchill, the book *Why England Slept*, the author John F. Kennedy.

● Last week Senator Goldwater clarified his famous statement on extremism, which is all right by us although the clarification was unnecessary. Two and one half months have meanwhile gone by since Adlai Stevenson remarked at Colby College ". . . even a jail sentence is no longer a dishonor but a proud achievement. Perhaps we are destined to see in this law-loving land people running for office not on their stainless records but on their prison records." In private communications, Mr. Stevenson's aide Clayton Fritchey has explained that Mr. Stevenson has *always* been a law-abiding man, that what he was talking about was "students and others who have been *illegally* arrested, *illegally* fined, and *illegally* jailed." But there are gobs of students and others who have been *legally* arrested, *legally* fined, and *legally* jailed—for breaking laws. It is all right to break such laws, Dr. Martin Luther King said, because they are unjust laws. Adlai Stevenson, having by his incautious formulation suggested that he is aligned with the anarchistic Dr. King, should speak up on the subject. Perhaps some of the influential gentlemen who put so much pressure on Senator Goldwater to clarify his remarks will do as much for Ambassador Stevenson, who after all is America's voice in an international organization that seeks to submit the entire world to the rule of law, even including Martin Luther King.

● In its annual report the House Committee on Un-American Activities has attempted to relieve the ideological pressure on each of the three theories available to the Warren Commission investigating the assassination of John Kennedy. These theories can be identified, briefly, as: 1) *aberration* (Lee Harvey Oswald acted out his psychic aberration in Siberian isolation); 2) *conspiracy* (of the Right preferably); and 3) *atmosphere* (the "climate of hate" in Dallas fed Oswald's aggressions). Sources close to the Warren Commission (*i.e.* Earl Warren) have massaged the friendly press these past three months with the message that theory #1 is manifestly correct. HUAC urges that any final evaluation must weigh an immutable fact: that the late President was slain by a man "whose life and conduct—by his own admissions and actions—were shaped largely by Communist propaganda." "If, during past years," HUAC continues, "the American people as a whole had worked harder to disclose the lies and half-truths in domestic Communist propaganda so that our youth would not be misled by it. . . ."

● The discharge petition for Rep. Frank Becker's prayer amendment continues to race the legislative clock. At the end of last week, it had collected 168 House signatures, with four "soft" commitments hanging—46 too few to snatch the bill from Chairman Emanuel Celler's Judiciary Committee. Mr. Celler has: a) directed two colleagues to remove their names from the petition—they had thought they were signing the petition for the civil rights bill, they said; b) closed down Committee hearings without issuing a Committee report; c) intimated to at least one wavering congressman that his special-interest bill might not get the consideration it deserves. In all of which he has engaged the support of the usual people—the ADL, JWV, Free Thought Society, Mad Murray, and the Four Unbearable Normans——Mailer, Cousins, Podhoretz, and Thomas.

● Unconscious self-revelation can be funny, as it is in the story of the hostess who asked the rhinitic Mr. J. P. Morgan at tea time if he preferred sugar or cream in his nose. It can also be sad, when the unsuccessfully camouflaged sentiment is portentous, and such a thing happened on August 5 when President Johnson spoke at Syracuse University. In the midst of the freshly riled war clouds of Southeast Asia the President was proclaiming the great unity of the American people. He said: "There are no parties, and there is no partnership—partisanship—when our peace or the peace of the world is imperiled. . . ." Applying the standard interpretation of slips of the tongue, one may hypothesize that the President thinks there's some political advantage to the Democratic Party in the new hostilities in Southeast Asia, which of course there is.

● While, in the spotlight, Bobby Kennedy rued the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, Mayor Wagner and Governor Rockefeller pawed at each other on the question of reapportionment, and Lyndon Johnson served a few urgent political needs, the American Bar Association convention quietly recorded at least one solid accomplishment. The ABA's Standing Committee on Education Against Communism issued

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"Peaceful Coexistence: A Communist Blueprint for Victory," a concise review of Soviet strategy for the sixties. The document was prepared by Sino-Soviet whiz Richard V. Allen of the Center for Strategic Studies, Georgetown University, and is worth the $1 price tag. (American Bar Association, 1155 East 60th St., Chicago.)

● LEDGERDEMAIN: A recent news report notes smoothly, and without further explanation, that UNICEF (United Nations Children's Fund) "has raised and allocated $482 million but the beneficiary countries have contributed the equivalent of $1 billion in UNICEF products." Micawber said it: Result? Happiness.

The Protracted Conflict

The bombs bursting on the coasts of North Vietnam and northern Cyprus and the shots sounding through the cities of the eastern Congo triggered general alerts in the world's armies, late hours in the world's ministries, sharp declines in the world's bourses, and banner headlines in the world press. The events of the past three weeks are presented to us by official and by journalistic spokesmen as a major crisis that has suddenly materialized out of the lethargic summer air. President Johnson's performance in ordering a minor retaliatory air raid after a PT boat attack on our destroyers is described in the heroic rhetoric appropriate to a new Thermopylae, Tours, or Trafalgar.

If it were really true, as we have been so often told during the past few years, that the Cold War is just about over; that Russia is settling down to bourgeoisified prosperity; that détente and relaxation are advancing; that agreement on disarmament, nuclear weapons, trade and what-not is growing rapidly; that decolonization has removed the major sources of discontent in Asia and Africa: if this official picture of our world were true or even half-true, then we certainly should be astonished, horrified and scared to death at the planes zooming over Vietnam and Cyprus and the savages hacking their way through the Congo. But in reality we are living in the time of what Mao Tse-tung christened "the protracted conflict"—the generations-long struggle of the Communist enterprise for a monopoly of world power. The third world war didn't start in the Bay of Tonkin for the plain reason that it started twenty years ago in the harbor of Alexandria. No one promised that the beginning of the third world war was going to be signaled by exploding H-bombs. It is being fought in the ways we see before our eyes, if we choose to look: by propaganda, subversion, guerrilla and paramilitary actions, terror, riots, sabotage and localized limited warlets.

President Johnson's action in the Tonkin incident does not mean any serious turn in U.S. policy, any more than did President Kennedy's action at the Bay of Pigs or in the 1962 missile crisis, or President Eisenhower's in Lebanon. Senator Goldwater was correct in characterizing this retaliatory raid as "a response, an incident, not a program or a new policy; a tactical reaction, not a new winning strategy."

A Note on the Bay of Tonkin . . .

The most striking fact about the retaliatory raid on the PT bases is the lack of follow-up, either military or political, from either side. This confirms the judgment that the raid did not mark a major strategic or political turn. It fits in with the conclusion NATIONAL REVIEW reached after the June 1-2 Honolulu meeting: that the Administration was going to build up military strength somewhat in Southeast Asia, take a few cautious steps in escalation and threaten further enlargement of the war, in order, a) to hang on through the November election, and b) to move thereafter from a more favorable position toward a new international conference to discuss neutralization. In completing one's estimate of what the raid amounted to, it should perhaps be added that on August 8 Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus R. Vance announced that the U.S. naval patrol in the Gulf of Tonkin was to end "in a few days"; patrol "by at least one destroyer" to be resumed "at a later date." The parallel to the missile confrontation, during the 1962 election campaign, with the speedy backdown from the demand for direct inspection, seems fairly complete.

. . . and on Cyprus

From the standpoint of the world struggle, the essential facts about today's Cyprus are simply: the island is a strategic key point for control of the eastern Mediterranean; Archbishop Makarios is anti-Western and a Communist collaborator; the Communists have successfully infiltrated the Greek Cypriot organizations (both political and military) and are in a position to take them over. Unconditioned independence for Cyprus therefore means that it will become a Mediterranean Cuba. It seems to follow that Britain and the United States (who dominate the Mediterranean) must impose a solution sufficiently in accord with Western interest. No proposal is very promising, but the most plausible seems to be union with Greece (*enosis*)—with the assumption that the Communist threat can be handled under Greek sovereignty—along with a Greco-Turkish agreement that might include resettlement of Turkish Cypriots, some exchange of populations, compensatory payments or land cessions, etc., the package guaranteed by the Anglo-American power.

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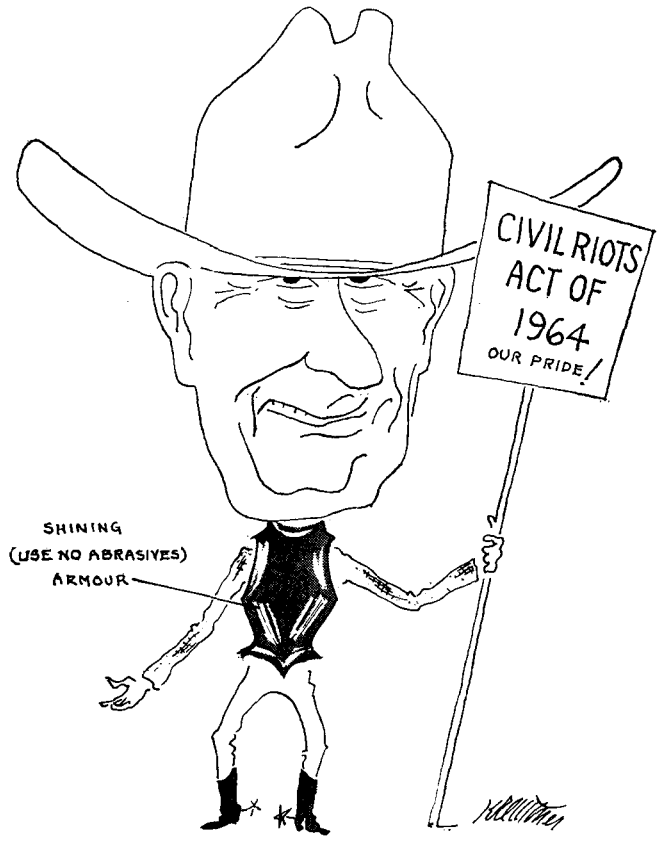
Equality Is a Two-Way Street

The race riots in Harlem and Rochester last month provoked one response from the community at large that may prove to have been an important turning point in the history of the present "civil rights movement": namely, the overt recognition that the movement, reformist in origin, has been infiltrated by revolutionaries, and is being transformed, at least in some sectors, into a revolt. It is only the public recognition that is a novelty; the infiltration began long ago, and the systematic use of revolutionary methods, aimed not at reforms but at the destruction of the public order, dates back at least three or four years. Among the revolutionaries now active among the Negro population there are Communists of both the Moscow and the Maoist-ultra varieties, along with the Black Muslims, numerous so-called "Negro nationalist" parties, and assorted wild men who are in effect nihilists.

Several of the revolutionary groups are training their members in karate, shooting and knife work, arson, sabotage and so on. The revolutionary agitators, as last month's events demonstrated, deliberately incite mobs to looting and violence. Longer term revolutionary objectives include disintegration of the police force, negation of property rights, control of public highways, and terrorization of the citizenry —of the decent and responsible Negroes as well as of whites.



"Let us reason together. We all know that bellyaches about Bobby Baker, Billie Sol Estes, the Oppenheimer award, TFX and We-Never-Had-It-So-Good Poverty Program, give only part of the story!"

Up until a few weeks ago to mention any of these facts was smearing, racism, and Red-baiting—even though they have been evident for some time, and openly expressed in the speeches of the Maoists, Black Muslims, and nationalists. Malcolm X, Jesse Gray, William Epton, Elijah Muhammad and a thousand miscellaneous agitators seemed to have been granted a general authorization to advocate violence, sedition, and anarchy. Since the Supreme Court's 1956 ruling (*in re* Steve Nelson) that by the Smith Act the Federal Government had preempted the field of sedition, the states were left in any case with weakened legal resources; and the Federal Government's interventions in the civil rights movement were exclusively on its behalf. But last month's events suggested that the community was going to have to defend itself from dissolution. A part, at least, of the truth became official: the police, the FBI, mayors and judges affirmed the revolutionary presence, and even the President agreed under TV questioning that some "extremists" had entered the scene. On July 25, Epton was indicted under New York's long disused criminal anarchy statute. Governor Rockefeller sent the National Guard into Rochester not, this time, to integrate kindergartens but to enforce the curfew declared by the city authorities and restore civic order. On August 7, New York Supreme Court Justice Gerald Culkin, finding that the conduct of Rosen, Epton, and Gray "creates a clear and present danger of irreparable injury to life and property," enjoined them from further "illegal demonstrations."

Either the civil rights movement is going to hold within the constitutional framework of our society or it is going to smash that framework. It is time this should be understood by the responsible leaders of our nation, of all colors. The revolutionaries already understand it very well.

Give 'Em Heck

We are now saying—the Administration, that is, as it joins with U Thant in a quite unaccustomed glow of anti-Soviet feeling—that we will cut our support of the UN if the Russians get to keep their General Assembly vote without paying up; and the Russians are saying that if they lose that vote they will pull out of the UN. We don't believe them, of course; and they don't believe us. Why should they, when our present attitude (save the UN at all costs) stands to be violently contradicted by our threat to

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Democrats, conservatives, and just plain folks who want to work for the Goldwater ticket have been asking how to go about it.

Here's how: get in touch with National Citizens for Goldwater and Miller, 1101 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D. C.

◆ Mrs. Luce, at the moment, is confining her political activity to a system of prolonged torture: she is "considering" accepting the nomination of New York's Conservative Party to run against Senator Keating—all on the assumption that the New York GOP will refuse to allow its Presidential electors to accept Conservative endorsement. Mrs. Luce would doubtless make Keating's re-election about as certain as a snake on marbles. The exquisiteness of the torture is that if the New York GOP wants Keating in and Mrs. Luce out, it'll have to pay the price of Conservative endorsement of the GOP electors. Imagine how Governor Rockefeller feels! Actually to be forced to give aid and comfort to the Goldwater-Miller ticket! Greater pangs the human heart beareth not.

◆ Attorney General Robert Kennedy appears to have the New York senatorial nomination in the carpetbag. You'll remember that he ruled out the senatorial ploy a few months ago, pointedly failing to rule out the Vice Presidential game; whereupon Daddy Bird turned on the fan and let fly; *post hoc* Mr. Kennedy, soiled but smiling, effected an amphibious assault on the Bronx, and took possession of the Democratic Senatorial Nomination. Now: backing Mr. Kennedy is Charlie Buckley, the longtime pork barrelissimo of the Bronx, who got run out of the Congress this year by a "reform Democrat" in a primary that left Charlie with little but his cusswords. He hopes to get back in the swim if Bobby makes it to the Senate. It is the same crew who backed John Kennedy in 1960; whom Bobby fulsomely praised, thanked, and deluded with promises; and who never saw the color of a Kennedy eye after that. But hope, like pork, springs eternal.

◆ Now further: New York's Mayor Wagner, who had hoped-against-hope that Daddy Bird might deal him a Senate seat, has played hands off this one, just as he plays hands off everything. But Wagner, a double-reform Democrat (that is, he ran for re-election, and won, on a platform of ending corruption in City Hall), has been feuding with Charlie Buckley. But Wagner doesn't have the votes behind him to say No to Bobby or Charlie. So Wagner will go along. And that's exactly what Daddy and Bobby and Charlie knew he'd do all the time.

◆ There is very little precedent for carpetbag candidacies in New York, especially for statewide posts. Senator Keating isn't given much of a chance to win the Senate seat if he runs against Kennedy. If, as this column is widely unknown to suspect, Senator Keating decides to retire from the conscience-straining toils of public life, and if, further, the Republicans put up someone with genuine zizz, like, say, Signorissima Clare Boothe Luce, then the Robert Kennedy bandwagon will have to look for a different axle to grind.

◆ The Goldwater forces have completed their occupation and settlement of the Republican national hierarchy, and a mutely lachrymose face can be seen here and there. The "take-over," it is called. What did they expect? If Rockefeller had won the nomination, would anyone expect him to make Goldwater the GOP National Chairman? Well, the new, young, conservative men and women are in charge of the GOP now, and will be for a long time, especially if Goldwater wins in November. If he loses, the GOP national HQ may resemble a corral of male mountain sheep in rutting season; but after the slaughter the GOP will still be in good hands.

◆ See you in Atlantic City.

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torpedo it if U Thant doesn't get his way? For the fact is that Khrushchev, in his insistence that Russia not pay a cent of the UN debt it supposedly incurred by refusing to share peacekeeping costs in the Congo, is exercising faultless logic, a logic, moreover, that we should be using ourselves, were we not ideologically committed to the vulgar majoritarianism that has now come to burden the UN, and the U.S., far more than it has ever burdened the USSR.

The Congo operation, says Khrushchev correctly, was authorized by the General Assembly when it should have been reserved to the Security Council, where the USSR, as one of the five great powers, could have used its veto against it. Instead of recognizing and moving swiftly to preempt an inherently just complaint, American officials came down harder than ever on the side of U Thant and so exchanged, for a mess of hard-line bluster, an excellent chance to force a real and lasting reform past the dropped guard of the whole Communist-neutralist establishment.

But it sure *sounds* like anti-Communism.

The New Pope

No one denied the saintliness of Pope John XXIII, and that in part was the trouble. Something about the universal adulation caused, in a few rigorous minds and anxious hearts, a few cautionary misgivings. Not about that saintliness, which no one who mattered could doubt, but about the motley of his admirers—who opportunized on the openhanded-

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The California Plan

Bay Gulph, Calif.

Not all the talk about the Civil Rights Problem is bad. That is to say, not all integration news is emotional. Some communities are pulling themselves up and facing the storm squarely. Following close on the heels of the recent Civil Rights legislation passed into law, one exclusive Los Angeles suburb has laid plans to prepare for the almost certain influx of Negro home-seekers. The residents of Bay Gulph, California have lived in white Protestant splendor for fifty years. The average home in Bay Gulph costs somewhere between $200- and $250-thousand and the Bay Gulph phone book reads like an exclusive version of the California Social Register. Such names as Strake, Threne and Pharr grace the Bay Gulph lawns, and Bay Gulph is preparing for true integration.

Norman Threne, President of the Bay Gulph Residents League, was quoted as follows:

"We, favored sons of California, well realize the rights of our black brothers. The law, as it is passed, is a just one. And, yet, which of us is emotionally prepared to live in harmony with our black neighbors? Which of us can think of living side by side in an integrated neighborhood without a small clutch of fear or resentment at the heart? Since change is necessary, we must steel ourselves to change. We must take things gradually, with a definite plan."

Let's Pretend

Thus Threne, Strake, Pharr and the thirteen other residents of Bay Gulph have begun an Integration Preparation Plan (IPP), unique in all of integration history.

Threne, a West Point graduate of 1917, remembers the war games at the Point. "Every conceivable obstacle was covered in a simulated fashion. We had simulated mines, simulated trenches, simulated bodies, the works," Threne told us. "That's kind of where this whole idea of mine got its genesis." Thus to prepare for the onslaught of integration, the residents of Bay Gulph have set up "simulated incidents" of a racial nature. These individuals well realize that they are not quite ready for interracial harmony, so they will simulate it until they are prepared.

With the unanimous consent of the Bay Gulph Residents League, Norman Threne appointed the Strake family "Negroes of the Month." "The beauty of this," Threne commented, "is that the Strakes aren't colored at all." Strake, a wealthy white banker, and his family wear little printed buttons which read, "I am colored." All the rest of the neighbors pretend that the Strakes are black. "This way," said Threne, "we'll all know what it's like to live next door to a Negro before we really have to! We've had simulated sit-ins and simulated lie-ins and just everything without half the fuss or bother of a real race riot. Everybody's been real great about it. In one of our simulated sit-ins, Mrs. Rahliegh Pharr loaned us her three dachshund pups as simulated police dogs. It was grand! Mr. Conrad Rilliers and his sons sprayed the Strake family with garden hoses as I loosed the simulated police dogs on them. We even rented a Hertz truck to cart the Strakes off to a jail on my estate."

A Few Problems

We interviewed the Strake family after a week of their trials and tribulations as simulated Negroes. "We've had a few problems we hadn't bargained for," Strake confided, "such as on this last sit-in we simulated. Geraldine, she's my six-year-old daughter, got nipped by one of Mrs. Pharr's puppies and when we took her to Doctor Sammis down the street, he refused to treat her. Everyone's playing their parts real well. The other problem is the kids at school. They have a real tough time of it over there. All their classmates keep stealing their 'I'm colored' buttons and the teacher can't tell who's black and who's white." Mr. Strake went on later to add that he'd be glad when it's time for the Rilliers family to be colored. It seems that the over-zealous Rilliers had sprayed Strake when Strake was picketing in his new Madras jacket. "The coat's ruined. It 'bled' when Rilliers sprayed it."

For the duration, the Strakes have been barred from the Bay Gulph Golf Club until the executive committee of the Admissions Council has had time to consider their case. Strake misses his golf, but he realizes that authenticity is important in a plan such as this one.

Next month, the Rilliers family becomes "black" for 30 days, and they are looking forward to their time. They have planned a big, simulated block-bust, a "drive-in" at the local bank and a "putt-in" at the Golf Club. No one could be more pleased with the Plan's progress than Norman Threne. "If things keep going at this good rate," Threne said, "we'll be ready for our first *real* Negroes in 10 or 15 years." America will be watching with interest the future of this Integration Preparation Plan.

VICTOR B. MILLER

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ness of the Pope's generosity, which tempted so many squalid little ideologists to move lithely into his warm embrace, precisely in order to do mischief under the cover of its ample and generous folds. Thus when Pope John so conspicuously failed, in his famous encyclical *Mater et Magistra,* and in the subsequent encyclical *Pacem in Terris,* to speak explicitly about the evils of Communism, many men were thrilled by what they chose to construe as a transcendent toleration. And so, many Communists, and many peacemongers who have consistently expressed their preference for being Red over being dead, obscenely hailed the Pope as the apostle of a new view of things, as the great spirit who had buried the rancor implicit and explicit in the excoriating denunciations of Communists and their works uttered by his predecessors Popes Pius XI and XII. The great question of course was whether the successor to Pope John would in effect ratify the apparent see-no-evil hear-no-evil attitude of John, or whether he would brake his Church back to political reality and remark with the eyes that God gave him those grisly realities which are at the root of that part of human wretchedness that is the result of man's battle not against nature, which is by contrast so easy to tame, but against man, whose delirious and ingenious ambitions cause more human suffering than ever did plagues, or hunger, or earthquakes.

The new Pope has spoken now, in a momentous encyclical, devoted primarily to careful theological distinctions, of the kind that are designed to control and guide the passions of the Ecumenical Council. But the encyclical contains clear references to the questions vexed by the enigmatic silence of Pope John. (How curious that, by and large, the same group of people who are busy condemning what they understood as the silence of Pius XII over the fate of the Jews under Hitler, acclaimed what they understood as the silence of Pope John over the fate of Christians and Jews under Khrushchev and Mao!) Not only has Paul re-condemned Communism by name, he has gone to some pains to explain that those of his predecessor's admirers who held that Pope John had reasoned that a gulf now existed between an evil, "Communism," and non-evil "Communists," were quite wrong in their interpretation. With tact but with firmness he has said them nay. The materialists of our day, says Pope Paul, believe that "they are setting men free from false and outworn notions about life and the world and are, they claim, putting in their place a scientific conception that is in conformity with the needs of modern progress." So far from being the case, the Pope goes on, these ideologues, who deny God, and deny themselves God, "compel us, as they compelled our predecessors and, with them, everyone who has religious values at heart, to condemn the ideological systems which deny God and oppress the Church, systems which are often identified with economic, social and political regimes, amongst which atheistic Communism is the chief."

THE GRIM REAPER

How, then, to deal with the Communists? The coexisters seized exultantly upon Pope John's interview with Adzhubei, the son-in-law of Khrushchev, as suggesting that here was the way, the patient exchange of opinion with the enemy, at closest quarter. "Dialogue," says Pope Paul, "in such conditions is very difficult, not to say impossible, although, even today, we have no preconceived intention of excluding the persons who profess these systems and belong to these regimes." But the lack of freedom every Communist suffers from "puts an end to dialogue. The Church of silence, for example"—the persecuted Christian faith within the Iron Curtain—"speaks only by her sufferings, and with her speaks also the suffering of an oppressed and degraded society, in which the rights of the spirit are crushed by those who control its fate."

Pope John was, by many of his interpreters, thought to have said in *Pacem in Terris* that Communists must be distinguished from Communism, that the time had come when we have outgrown the injunction of Pius XII to treat Communists as though they were—Communists. A learned discussion followed on whether or not Pope John had actually meant that, or the less harmful generic point that the disciples of a point of view sometimes, indeed often, go on to outgrow that point of view, to the point where they can be treated as in some measure independent of the root obsession. Pope Paul settled that controversy for good and all. "We do not despair that they [the Communists] may *one day* be able to enter into a more positive dialogue with the Church than the present one that we now of *necessity* deplore and lament. But we cannot turn our

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ATLANTIC CITY JAMBOREE

ON THE SCENE

REPORT

gaze away from the contemporary world. . . ." In which the Communists have proved themselves unwilling to enter into any such positive dialogue.

This eloquent Pope, who apparently wrote every word of this encyclical with his own hand, which can therefore be presumed to be the condensate of his profoundest sentiments on the problems that he addresses himself to, warns, finally, against the lure of ideology. We are all of us besotted with the clichés of One World, of Ecumenicism, of the Human Alloy which overwhelms distinctions between the saint and the sinner, the criminal and the law-abiding, the Communist and the democrat. The Pope's arms are outstretched, but his eyes do not avert from reality. "It will not be amiss," he says, "if the Christian of today keeps always in view [Christ's] original and wondrous form of life, which should not only sustain him with the happiness that results from his dignity but also protect him from an environment which threatens him with the contagion of human wretchedness and with the seduction of human glory." See how St. Paul himself formed the Christians of the primitive Church: "You must not consent to be yokefellows with unbelievers. What has innocence to do with lawlessness? What is there in common between light and darkness? How can a believer throw in his lot with an infidel?"

The new Pope has shown himself an extremist in defense of the word of God.

Herbert Hoover, 90

"Just remember us kindly," Herbert Hoover asked last May after dedicating a new headquarters, named after himself, for the Boys' Clubs of America. His speeches and remarks are very short nowadays. He said simply this about his beloved Boys' Clubs: "We have served in this cause for many years and millions of boys have had the building of character and skills which made them good American citizens —and many leaders of our nation. We asked for no reward except that America might be morally and physically stronger. Just remember us kindly."

The nation will indeed, if it has the capacity to be grateful, be grateful to Herbert Hoover, whose service in behalf of the Boys' Clubs, which have meant so much to so many hundreds of thousands of Americans, is simply another day's charitable and creative work for this remarkable human being. It is fortunate that Mr. Eugene Lyons, a writer worthy of the challenge, should have commemorated Mr. Hoover's 90th birthday last week with a deserving biography (*Herbert Hoover,* Doubleday), which Mr. William Rickenbacker will review in the next issue. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their appreciative greetings to Mr. Hoover, and pledge that we shall always remember him kindly.

Tactics

Negro leaders have called for a suspension of demonstrations until after the election. —News Item

Now until November 3rd,
Caution is the proper word.
Talk in whispers; be discreet.
Cool those capers in the street.
No more bombing, no more rocks;
Bombs affect the ballot-box.
Do not demonstrate en masse—
Riots scare the middleclass.
(Once we've voted Lyndon in,
Then the riots can begin!)

W. H. VON DREELE

The Apostatus Quo

Conscience called a press conference. Follows the transcript thereof.

Q. Mr. Conscience, you have been searched recently, haven't you?

A. Searched, I've been frisked! Keating searched me. Javits, Lindsay, the bunch. It's been a helluva couple weeks.

Q. They find anything?

A. Search me!

Q. Well, Senators Javits and Keating have said they cannot support the Republican ticket, and . . . .

A. Now wait just a minute. I told them they can't support the ticket unless certain clarifications are made, and meanwhile search me.

Q. They said they'd want New York to write a separate Republican platform.

A. I have never had anything to do with platform writing.

Q. They said they would have to run on their own records.

A. They always run on their own records, though in the past I've advised them to be discreet about it. Whose record should they run on?

Q. They said they'd run independently.

A. They always do. I've told them to be particularly careful to run independently of me, for example.

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Q. Does this mean that they will refuse to support the Republican ticket?

A. Now get this straight. I told them, and they announced to the press, that the principled position on this matter can be summed up in the phrase "at this time." Javits said "at this time." Keating said "at this time." Lindsay said "at this time." They're idealists, you know. It's been a helluva couple weeks.

Q. What are your own plans between now and November third?

A. Well, historically I've taken a leave of absence along about this time, and I see no urgent reason to change my plans—at this time.

Q. Just one more question. . . .

A. Listen, you a registered voter in New York?

Q. Well, no, I just was transferred here. . . .

A. Clear out, Buddy. I got work to do.

On the Right

What Mom Wrought

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A few evenings ago Mr. Les Crane, late-night deejay for talk programs who is trying for the big time by launching a network program, put together a television show the second half of which dealt with topless bikinis, the first half of which dealt with "The State of the Republican Party," involving Miss Shelley Winters, who began by stating that she knew very little about politics and went on to overstress her point, Mrs. May Craig, the Maine newspaperwoman who used to annoy John F. Kennedy, Mr. Jackie Robinson, who has formed a committee of Republicans for Johnson, and myself. And, I should add, 350 spectators obviously very very hungry for Republican meat.

Buckley

Which Mr. Crane was very anxious to give them, in copious quantity. Mr. Robinson quickly keyed the evening into the theme of Hatred that Lies Before Us as the result of Senator Goldwater's nomination, a theme that Miss Winters found irresistible, casually suggesting a nexus between the Ku Klux Klan and Senator Goldwater—yap, yap, interjected Mr. Crane, consternation written over his face, and I asked him what he was yapping about, and said that I liked to be around when the Ku Klux Klan slithers into a room full of people publicly discussing Senator Goldwater. Jackie Robinson said he'd as soon *not* be around when the Ku Klux Klan slithered in. Look, said Crane, is it or isn't it true that William Miller said he would accept the votes of members of the Ku Klux Klan, and I said yes it was, and I thought it was an unfortunate, though highly traditional, American political approach, as witness Franklin Roosevelt's refusal in 1940 to disavow the support of American Communists. We're not talking about history, said Crane. I will approach the subject as I see fit, said I, rather stuffily. And anyway, Robinson said, Goldwater had stolen the nomination; well but I said if he stole the nomination then so did Jack Kennedy, because Goldwater actually won more votes in primary contests than JFK did in 1960, but there we were back in history, and Les Crane wanted to talk about the urgent here-and-now.

Are you quite through with me, the neglected Miss Winters wanted to know, who was chafing to read into the record an anti-Catholic tirade by the chairman of an organization that has come out for Goldwater, which tirade I pointed out was written in 1936 . . . but that was getting into history, and anyway Mrs. Craig wanted to know whether the Boston Tea Party wasn't extremist, and Jackie Robinson said well if we're going to be in favor of extremism, then why aren't we in favor of the riots in Harlem?

The audience, and I, howled with delight, but the love-play with Jackie Robinson was interrupted by Miss Winters who said she had a statement to make, and the house caught its breath in anticipation. What she wanted to say was that the extremists had taken over the Republican Party in San Francisco, and that was too bad because it used to be the party of Abraham Lincoln, and the audience reacted as the scientific community must have done on being informed by Einstein of his discovery that E equalled mc squared, and I said, you mean extremists like Clare Boothe Luce, Everett Dirksen, and Charles Halleck? Well as a matter of fact said Jackie Robinson, yes, that's who we mean by extremists, and I wanted to say that was pretty extreme-sounding talk, but he wanted to talk about somebody in Alabama he doesn't like but Goldwater does, and isn't that the final proof that Hatred Has Overcome? And anyway he had great confidence in the American people to repudiate hatred and ignorance, and the audience cheered, and promised to stay ignorant of Goldwater, and just trust to blind hatred in November.

Which conclusions having been reached after the reflective encounter, Les Crane was reminded by the producers' signal that the topless bikini girls were getting cold waiting to go on, and politics was vacated, but on the way out of the studio I saw a prompter's placard with lines for Les Crane later in the show, after the announcement that vital parts of the ladies had been censored out by the network's Mrs. Grundys, and the show-stopping lines were "Who took the girls away? Probably my mother. Hey, Mom, give me back the broads!" Mom has a great deal to answer for.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

The Strange Case of Thomas Kuchel

► A fortnight ago, Governor Pat Brown appointed Democrat Pierre Salinger to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Clair Engle, another Democrat. When Salinger presented himself for admission to the Senate, the Republican leadership questioned his qualifications for the office. Under California law senators from that state must be residents thereof for not less than one year prior to their election or appointment. Salinger, by his own admission, has not lived in California since 1955. But the Democrats held that he was entitled to be seated in the Senate because the U.S. Constitution overrides any and all state codes and because each branch of the Congress is "sole judge" of its membership.

The battle was being fought along partisan lines. If Salinger could be seated he would have an enormous advantage over his Republican opponent, George Murphy, in the November election. He could run his campaign from his Senate office, with a paid, full-time staff. He would immediately exercise the power and enjoy the prestige which attaches to the office. He would run—on the California ballot—as the incumbent. His seating, in sum, would make George Murphy's battle—already an uphill affair—just that much more difficult.

Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey led off for the Republicans, ending up with a lively pitch for party unity (which drew a few wry grins since the Senator has yet to make a single pro-Goldwater gesture). Senator Sam Ervin (D., N.C.) indicated the Southern Democrats would stand with the party. A vote along strict party lines seemed in the making when Thomas Kuchel rose to his feet.

Senator Kuchel is the senior senator from California and the Senate Minority Whip. He rose to support Salinger. He informed his colleagues that he had studied the matter with great care. "I find it necessary to disagree with my dear friend," he said of Minority Leader Dirksen, "in the interests of the United States. I want my state to be represented by two United States senators"—even if one is a "de facto senator as distinguished from a de jure senator."

The absurdity of the argument escaped few visitors in the chamber: "de jure" senators are, of course, the only variety recognized by the United States Senate. (Bobby Kennedy, in the diplomatic gallery, furrowed his brows and tapped his teeth with a pencil.) The constitutional argument, as advanced by Senators Mansfield and Ervin, was available. If Kuchel felt obliged to break with his party, why did he so determinedly avoid the respectable ground prepared for him? That's a question no one has been able to answer.

Vietnam

► The crisis atmosphere—reminiscent of October 1962—was very much in evidence in Washington on Tuesday night, August 4. The symbolic movements that excite Washington were dramatically evident: the impressive flow of black official cars to the White House; the endless voice of Adlai Stevenson piped in from New York; Secretary of Defense McNamara's vigil in the Pentagon War Room, his curt hourly bulletins on the developing situation.

When it appeared that the Tonkin Gulf incident would not be construed as a *casus belli* by the 200,000 Red Chinese "border patrols," speculation on just why the North Vietnamese PT boats were unleashed took over and three major theories evolved. It was 1) an exploratory operation to test American resolve and/or Soviet reflex; 2) a retaliatory action for some real or imagined American aggression; or 3) a de Gaulle-type diplomatic move to force a new Geneva accommodation on Southeast Asia. All three theories removed the incident from the military arena and placed it squarely in the political.

Administration officials were elated by LBJ's successful counterattack. It has, they believe, released the steam from Senator Barry Goldwater's criticism of Democratic foreign policy and at least temporarily lifted foreign policy above partisan debate as congressional leaders, including Goldwater, lined up behind the President.

The Goldwater camp agrees that the Vietnamese crisis has removed "foreign affairs" as an issue at the moment, but it also has canceled out the Democratic claim that it is the party that favors "peace." It is widely believed that the "peace issue"—the fear that Goldwater's firm anti-Communism may lead to war—is the most effective campaign tool now available to the Administration. And President Johnson spiked its usefulness when he ordered U.S. planes to bomb the Vietnamese mainland, a stratagem which key Democrats had branded as "reckless" when put forward by Goldwater.

Next?

► In spite of recent events in Vietnam, Administration strategists remain deeply worried about the impact of Senator Goldwater's criticism of foreign policy. The White House now believes that Goldwater has settled on Cuba as the symbol for Democratic foreign policy failure. Persistent reports from sources inside the government and refugee groups indicate that the Administration, through the various intelligence agencies, is taking steps to blunt Goldwater's criticism. Various anti-Communist Cuban exile groups—including some of the more reliable ones—claim an attempt will be made in October to overthrow the Castro regime.

According to them, the coup will be internal, without overt U.S. military support. Its chief, they say, will be Manuel Ray, a leftist leader and one-time follower of Fidel Castro, who represents only one of many Cuban factions. A number of the anti-Communist Cuban exile groups who don't trust Ray are urging their compatriots, both in and out of Cuba, to take no part in what they feel will be an ersatz revolution. **—CATO**

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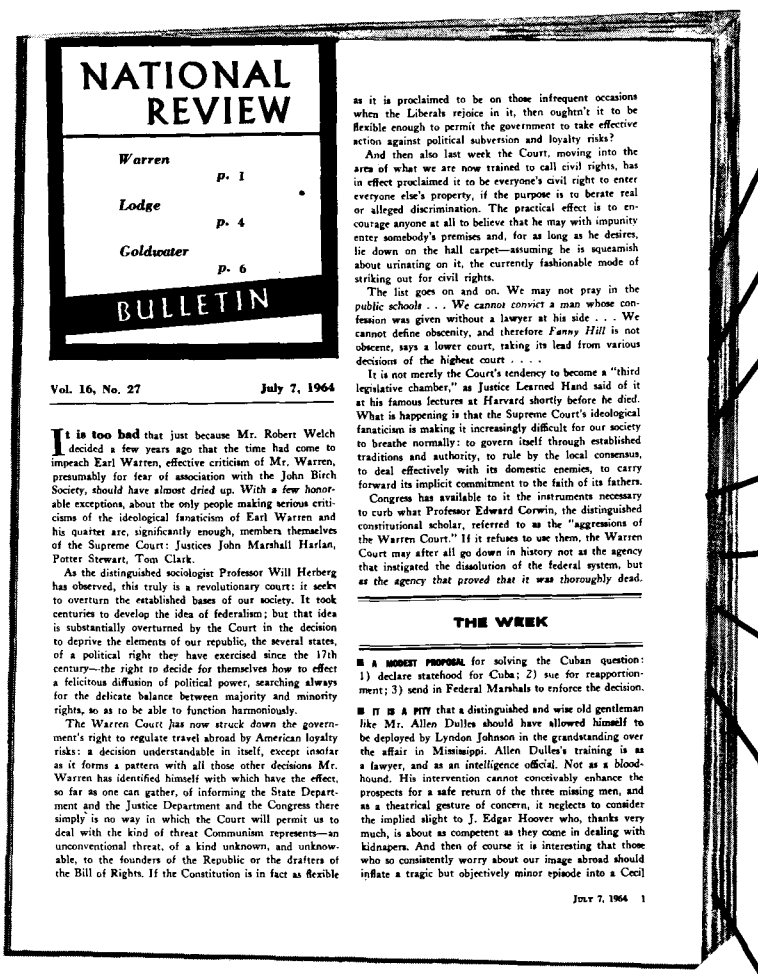

NATIONAL REVIEW

Warren p. 1

Lodge p. 4

Goldwater p. 6

BULLETIN

Vol. 16, No. 27 July 7, 1964

It is too bad that just because Mr. Robert Welch decided a few years ago that the time had come to impeach Earl Warren, effective criticism of Mr. Warren, presumably for fear of association with the John Birch Society, should have almost dried up. *With a few honorable exceptions,* about the only people making serious criticisms of the ideological fanaticism of Earl Warren and his quartet are, significantly enough, members themselves of the Supreme Court: Justices John Marshall Harlan, Potter Stewart, Tom Clark.

As the distinguished sociologist Professor Will Herberg has observed, this truly is a revolutionary court: it seeks to overturn the established bases of our society. It took centuries to develop the idea of federalism; but that idea is substantially overturned by the Court in the decision to deprive the elements of our republic, the several states, of a political right they have exercised since the 17th century—*the right to decide for themselves how to effect* a felicitous diffusion of political power, searching always for the delicate balance between majority and minority rights, so as to be able to function harmoniously.

The Warren Court has now struck down the government's right to regulate travel abroad by American loyalty risks: a decision understandable in itself, except insofar as it forms a pattern with all those other decisions Mr. Warren has identified himself with which have the effect, so far as one can gather, of informing the State Department and the Justice Department and the Congress there simply is no way in which the Court will permit us to deal with the kind of threat Communism represents—an unconventional threat, of a kind unknown, and unknowable, to the founders of the Republic or the drafters of the Bill of Rights. If the Constitution is in fact as flexible as it is proclaimed to be on those infrequent occasions when the Liberals rejoice in it, then oughtn't it to be flexible enough to permit the government to take effective action against political subversion and loyalty risks?

And then also last week the Court, moving into the area of what we are now trained to call civil rights, has in effect proclaimed it to be everyone's civil right to enter everyone else's property, if the purpose is to berate real or alleged discrimination. The practical effect is to encourage anyone at all to believe that he may with impunity enter somebody's premises and, for as long as he desires, lie down on the hall carpet—assuming he is squeamish about urinating on it, the currently fashionable mode of striking out for civil rights.

The list goes on and on. We may not pray in the *public schools . . . We cannot convict a man* whose confession was given without a lawyer at his side . . . We cannot define obscenity, and therefore *Fanny Hill* is not obscene, says a lower court, taking its lead from various decisions of the highest court . . . .

It is not merely the Court's tendency to become a "third legislative chamber," as Justice Learned Hand said of it at his famous lectures at Harvard shortly before he died. What is happening is that the Supreme Court's ideological fanaticism is making it increasingly difficult for our society to breathe normally: to govern itself through established traditions and authority, to rule by the local consensus, to deal effectively with its domestic enemies, to carry forward its implicit commitment to the faith of its fathers.

Congress has available to it the instruments necessary to curb what Professor Edward Corwin, the distinguished constitutional scholar, referred to as the "aggressions of the Warren Court." If it refuses to use them, the Warren Court may after all go down in history not as the agency that instigated the dissolution of the federal system, but *as the agency that proved that it was thoroughly* dead.

THE WEEK

■ A MODEST PROPOSAL for solving the Cuban question: 1) declare statehood for Cuba; 2) sue for reapportionment; 3) send in Federal Marshals to enforce the decision.

■ IT IS A PITY that a distinguished and wise old gentleman like Mr. Allen Dulles should have allowed himself to be deployed by Lyndon Johnson in the grandstanding over the affair in Mississippi. Allen Dulles's training is as a lawyer, and as an intelligence official. Not as a bloodhound. His intervention cannot conceivably enhance the prospects for a safe return of the three missing men, and as a theatrical gesture of concern, it neglects to consider the implied slight to J. Edgar Hoover who, thanks very much, is about as competent as they come in dealing with kidnapers. And then of course it is interesting that those who so consistently worry about our image abroad should inflate a tragic but objectively minor episode into a Cecil

JULY 7, 1964 1

IMPORTANT

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The Third World War

Bear-Baiting

JAMES BURNHAM

Whatever the explanation given for the intra-Communist conflict, it is customary to add a ritual concluding statement to the effect that "the differences within the Communist bloc offer promising opportunities for exploitation by the Free World." Maybe so, but in point of fact, only one mode of exploitation has so far been attempted: détente with the Soviet Union. The reasoning is simplicity itself. 1) The conflict is basically a national split between Russia and China. 2) The issue between them is basically peaceful coexistence (Russia) *vs.* revolutionary struggle (China). 3) We seek peaceful coexistence and want to resist or negate revolutionary struggle. 4) Therefore, we ought to be friendly and helpful to Russia.

The first two premises are false and the third confused, however, and the conclusion therefore groundless. The conflict is basically not a split between nations but a factional split within the Communist enterprise; the national split does indeed exist and widen, but is in the last analysis derivative from the factional split. And there is no issue concerning "revolutionary struggle" between the contending factions; both of them approve of and conduct revolutionary struggle toward the common goal of the destruction of "capitalist" (*i.e.*, non-Communist) society.

Even if we accept the widespread belief that the conflict is basically national (hence the term "Sino-Soviet"), it still does not follow that we should favor Moscow as against Peking. Under that interpretation the methods of classic diplomacy would presumably apply, in particular the principle of "the balance of power." Confronting a rival but divided power bloc, and seeking to reduce or neutralize its threat to us, we throw support to its weaker element, so that the weaker may counterbalance the stronger, and the two cancel each other out in relation to us. For at least several decades to come, the Soviet Union will continue to be far, far more powerful than China. It would therefore follow, and indeed it does follow, as Mrs. Luce pointed out in her Sunday column a few weeks ago, that insofar as we favor one against the other, it should be China. As classic diplomacy understands, supposed "intention" is unimportant in such choices. It is not "intention" (which can in any case change quickly enough) but "capability" that can hurt us. Better a rogue with a popgun than a charmer with an H-bomb.

Apples of Discord

Communism does not suffer an unmixed loss from the internal conflict, but the result is probably a loss on net, and the loss becomes graver as the divisions grow deeper and wider. We may conclude that it is to our interest to sustain, exacerbate and extend the conflict. This means in the first instance that we should do what we can to help embitter Communists with each other and to institutionalize their bitterness in actively competing organizations. Operations along such lines would be both open and black or underground.

For example, we ought to make sure that every nasty thing one Communist faction says or threatens or does about another—and maybe some very nasty things we dream up for good measure—is drummed into the minds of the target faction. We should become a voluntary information service for the warring factions. Why not use the UN and other public forums to needle Khrushchev with what Maoists have said about him, and Mao with the Khrushchevian insults? Again, we should actively help—in this case our means would have to be thoroughly black—to establish anti-Moscow Communist parties in every country—Maoist parties, and where feasible Castroite, Titoist, Trotskyite or what-not parties, the more, and the more irreconcilable, the better. The current struggle stretches also into the front organizations of labor, youth, students, peace groups, journalists, etc. Within these, too, we can and should promote a maximum of divisions and splits. (We may assume that Western intelligence agencies are doing a certain amount of this sort of thing, but not a tenth of what is both possible and promising.)

Operations need not be confined to non-Communist nations. Within the Communist countries—the Soviet Union and China included— the already existing intra-Communist conflict spreads an atmosphere in which jealousies, rivalries and oppositions can be nourished. Here, also, we should avoid illusions. Our proper job is not to help the nice Communists overcome the bad Communists, but to keep all kinds of Communists divided among themselves and to provoke them into weakening each other. In the Soviet Union we should be happy at the growth of Maoist (*i.e.*, anti-Kremlin) tendencies; in China, at anti-Maoist stirrings. And why should we not seek ways to prod discontent and make trouble among the central Asian national peoples who in reality wish a plague on both Peking and Moscow?

George Won't Do It

The internal Communist stresses make it easier to strengthen centrifugal forces in the captive nations of both Russia and China. But the worst means of doing so, surely, is to get friendly with Khrushchev and Russia. It would be more sensible to make careful overtures to the captive countries, but at the same time to get colder and stricter toward Moscow. It is really fantastic that we do not make the Kremlin's colonialism a constant theme of our public discourse.

The Communist enterprise has survived a number of fierce internal conflicts before the current series opened, and has always emerged stronger than ever. If we stand passively by, this will once again be the outcome. Instead of knocking each other out, the Communists will merely have determined who shall have the privilege of burying us—hardly much of a consolation for the prospective corpse.

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Extremism in Defense of the Democratic Party

Will James Reston judge the Democrats in Atlantic City by the same yardstick he used for the GOP in San Francisco? Not a chance, says Mrs. Luce.

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Mr. James Reston, the distinguished *New York Times* correspondent, writing from San Francisco, said, "The physical disorder of the [Republican] convention is over, but the moral disorder remains. . . ." Noting what he called its "jumble of high-sounding contradictions," the "encouragement and unleashing of extremism," and the "moral ambiguities," he said, "the fight over principles has just been raised."

Now Mr. Reston is one of America's most scholarly columnists. His writings give much evidence that he knows more of history and philosophy than many of his colleagues. One suspects that he reads such eminent contemporary theologians as Dr. Paul Tillich and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, men who have devoted much of their noble thought to the "moral ambiguities" that spring from Man's very nature, and permeate all his historical causes, crusades, institutions, organizations—and political parties. Man, especially political man, be he politician, voter, or commentator, is never wholly consistent in his aims, perfectly pure in his motives, totally free of malice, prejudice, hypocrisy, greed or ambition.

Nevertheless, making every allowance for Reston's own political bias, prejudices and professional and existential necessities (he is one of the Democratic *Times*' highest paid columnists), one must admit that he is intellectually much better qualified than the majority of commentators to set himself up as a judge of the morality of the Republican candidate and the principles of his party. The question is, will Mr. Reston show himself equally willing to pass moral judgment on President Johnson and the principles put forth at the Democratic convention?

I am obliged to say here that among my friends in the journalistic fraternity many believe he will not. They say the compliment the columnists always pay the Republican Party is that they expect it to be more coherent intellectually, more disciplined emotionally and more decent morally than the Democratic Party. And they predict that, come August 24, Reston—along with the rest—will gently ease himself down from the high pinnacle of political principle from which he chose to observe the doings in the Cow Palace, to the *terra firma* of "political pragmatism." They say that on the Jersey Coast he will become his usual self: the brilliant, suave, witty, sophisticated, "cool" observer of the "political realities" confronting the country. They say he will view the doings in Atlantic City, not

with the blazing eye of a Daniel come to judgment he turned on the Republicans, but with the skeptical, amused eye of the contemporary historian. They say that *mutatis mutandis*, he will find that expediency not morality, knowhow not honesty, compromise not consistency, shrewdness not sincerity, success not sacrifice, are (democracy being what it is) the best qualifications for a President—that is for a *Democratic* President. They insist that Mr. Reston, along with his employers, the *New York Times*, will suddenly lose the burning concern they felt in San Francisco about "extremism," and the whole civil rights question, and discover that their "value judgments" on the Democratic Party and its candidates should be made in terms of the practical considerations of specific policies. Consequently, like myself, they do not expect the questions of *Democratic* "extremism" and of Mr. Johnson's own civil rights record to be reviewed by Mr. Reston in Atlantic City.

Bearing in mind the terrible contumely heaped on Senator Goldwater's head for his civil rights vote on June 19, let us pause to review Mr. Johnson's record from 1940 to 1960.

In Austin, Texas, on May 22, 1948, Congressman Johnson told a Democratic rally:

> This civil rights program about which you have heard so much is a farce and a sham—an effort to set up a police state in the guise of liberty. I am opposed to that program. I fought it in Congress. It is the province of the state to run its own elections.
>
> I am opposed to the anti-lynching bill because the Federal Government has no more business enacting a law against one kind of murder than another. I am against the FEPC because if a man can tell you whom you must hire, he can tell you whom you can employ. I have met this head on.
>
> [And] an enlightened public already has rendered . . . [an anti-lynching] law virtually unnecessary, even if it were not unwise in its scope.

The following years of ever mounting demand among Negroes for a civil rights bill did not change Johnson. He wrote a constituent in 1957:

"The [civil rights] bill that has been introduced is one to which I am very opposed, as I do not believe it would advance any legitimate cause."

When this long awaited bill (HR 6127) reached the Senate, it was nearly killed by Senator Russell (D.,

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Ga.) who brought a point of order against it which would have referred it to the Senate Judiciary Committee, and buried it. Senator Johnson voted to uphold the Russell point of order; later, under tremendous pressure from President Eisenhower, he voted for the amended bill. But explaining his vote to an angry constituent, he wrote:

> I am naturally concerned that you think I have made "concessions" with respect to the so-called civil rights issue. *I assure you that I feel the way I have always felt.* That is, that *I am firmly opposed to forced integration and I firmly believe that the doctrine of states' rights should be maintained.*

In 1960, another Eisenhower Administration civil rights bill passed the House, and again Senator Johnson was instrumental in significantly limiting its scope in the Senate. Before S-3001 was finally killed, Johnson had voted against expanding the injunction power to encompass the protection of any civil right. He also voted to kill Part I of the bill, which would have strengthened federal injunctions regarding school desegregation.

He told his Senate colleagues:

"I feel very deeply about the cloture question . . . I am going to be very reluctant ever to vote for cloture. . . ."

He also told the Senate that a section of the bill, which would make it a federal crime to interfere with court-ordered integration, was "a relatively non-essential matter." That year, in a *Look* Magazine article he was quoted:

"The difference between me and some of my Northern friends is that I believe you cannot force [civil rights] on the South overnight."

During the 1960 session of Congress, Johnson voted against a Republican civil rights bill (S-3823), which would have established a permanent Equal Opportunities Commission and provided federal assistance for areas which desegregated their schools.

Indeed, nowhere is the Johnson record so full of the "moral ambiguities" Reston deplores as during the election year of 1960 when he was his party's Vice-Presidential nominee. He was also running at the same time for the Senate—itself an ambiguous political action. The Democrats' 1960 platform, written in July, stated that "to facilitate compliance [with the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision], technical and financial assistance should be given to school districts facing special problems of transition."

On August 8, 1960, Vice-Presidential candidate Johnson, although pledged to support his party's platform, voted against S-3823, which would have provided just such assistance for that transition.

Some Ambiguities

It is clear from what Reston has written, that he thinks Senator Goldwater's civil rights position is dictated less by his devotion to constitutional considerations than by his desire to gain the "white backlash" vote; and that he views this as raw, and even despicable expediency. Thus in view of Senator Johnson's all but unblemished twenty-year record as a "racist," might not Reston also conclude that the President's position on civil rights is dictated by his need to hold the "switch-blade" vote? Is President Johnson's "Northern strategy" any less "morally ambiguous" than the "Southern strategy" of Senator Goldwater? And what about the "moral ambiguity" of the Democratic Party, torn all through the civil rights debate by the hope the bill would *not* pass so it could be blamed on the Republicans, and the practical need to pass it in order to take the credit?

Again, many journalists, and many Negroes, have suggested that Senator Goldwater's promise—if elected—to enforce the Civil Rights Act is "worthless" because his vote against the civil rights bill proved that his *heart* is not in the right place on the Negro question. Considering the many anti-civil rights votes recorded by Senator Johnson, what possible reason does the press, or the Negro, have to trust the *heart* of President Johnson after November?

(And speaking of "high-sounding contradictions" and "moral ambiguities," what consistency in political "principle" and "moral clarity" led John F. Kennedy in 1960 to choose a Texan "racist" as his running mate? Did he, perchance, need to woo the votes of "extremists" and conservatives?)

Presumably, there will be no platform fight at Atlantic City: the President himself will, of course, write it. Will it denounce by *name* Democratic "extremists" of the right—the Ku Klux Klan and the White Citizens Council—who are spending great sums on printed material which sedulously, if not seditiously, destroys the Negro's "image" of Abraham Lincoln, and who are widely disseminating the literature of some scientists and anthropologists who proclaim the evolutionary biological inferiority of the Negro? Will it rip into the gun-hoarding Black Muslims and the Negro nationalists and racists? Will it point to the Communist organizations that have infiltrated the Negro civil rights movements? Will it condemn "police brutality" North and South, which is considered "extremism" by the Negro; or black hoodlumism which white policemen call "extremism" too? Will it finger the many other hate mongering and subversive and criminal "extremist" organizations (including the Mafia, Cosa Nostra, and the crime syndicates), all of which are on file—and close to President Johnson's hand—in the Attorney General's office and in the FBI? To be sure, many of these extremist elements—especially all the Communists and many of the racists—black and white, have voted Democratic for many long years. But will a "moral" platform waver, waffle, weasel, and hide behind generalities on the extremism question, simply to keep votes?

Should I doubt that Reston—so concerned with morality—will look down on the Convention Hall at Atlantic City and examine the Southern delegations with the same fierce, just eye he cast at the floor of the Cow Palace? With what anger he will write if he sees that any of the Johnson delegations from the South are "lily-white," and do not reflect, in their color, the President's current determination to advance the dignity and freedom of Southern Negroes.

Surely Reston will try to fathom

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the minds, probe the motives of these Southern delegates. Will they be voting for Johnson, he will ask, because they are sincere in their devotion to the cause of civil rights and honestly believe the President is too? Or will they vote for him because only a Democratic victory will keep racist Southerners in their powerful congressional committee chairmanships, from which they can best bottle up further Liberal and civil rights legislation?

Or will Reston feel that matters become too complicated—and ugly—when one gets into the business of examining the morals, hearts, consciences, motives of *Democratic* candidates and delegates?

What Is Expected?

Will Reston, a man who hates to his marrow intellectual contradictions, speculate on the real reason why eighteen of the nineteen "racist" senators who filibustered the 1964 civil rights bill for 83 days in the Senate still manage to get along so well in the same party with Liberals like Senators Humphrey, McCarthy, and Morse—and vice versa? Will he question the "common cause" that will unite these men of such widely divergent and widely inconsistent political philosophies, in Atlantic City, and perhaps suggest that the reason could—just possibly—be a common passion for holding office?

Pondering the intellectual principles that bind men of seemingly ambiguous motives together, will Reston expect them to be clarified by President Johnson's acceptance speech? Will he insist that that speech (if the platform fails) include as harsh words about the "racists," "extremists," and conservatives in the Democratic Party? Or will he suggest, if President Johnson deals tenderly with these elements in his own party, that the fault lies with Goldwater who has *forced* Johnson to move to the Right? Or will Reston perhaps say that extremism in defense of the Democratic Party is no vice?

It is, of course, too much for Reston—or anyone else—to hope that President Johnson will rise to a towering height of political honesty and use his acceptance speech as the occasion to thank the Republican members of Congress for beating down the dissident members of his own party so that the civil rights bill could be passed. One can hardly expect him, on the eve of election, to admit that today as yesterday, the Democratic Party can not put through a single piece of Liberal legislation without the support of moderate and Liberal Republicans, and that the dominant wing of the Democratic Party is, today as yesterday, conservative. This admission would be a great clarification of the political scene, but it would also reveal the profound moral confusions and ambiguities which beset a party whose candidate *in recent years* has been himself a Liberal. But —and this is the great question Reston surely, oh surely will ask: Is Johnson a Liberal? If so, will he meet the Goldwater challenge, and, standing before the Convention, explain his own political principles of government clearly and honestly—take them or leave them—but lay them on the line in such plain language that everyone in his own party—and the nation—and above all, Reston, will know exactly where he stands?

What Will Be Offered?

Will President Johnson offer the American people a real choice between Liberalism and conservatism? A few paragraphs would do it: he could say that the states' rights concept is becoming less and less politically valid in modern collectivized society with its highly complicated economy; that only a strongly centralized government can hope to produce prosperity at home and peace abroad; that socialization is upon us and cannot be stopped, for it is the irreversible wave of the present and the future; that in view of all this, there really is no place in the Democratic Party for States' Righters or economic conservatives. And, he could make his own *moral* position crystal clear, by saying that he would rather be defeated in November than be elected with the support of "Neanderthal" Southern conservatives, extremists, and "racists." And, President Johnson could tell the convention that if state efforts to enforce civil rights legislation fail and disorder results, he intends to occupy the North, East, West, and South with federal troops, who will remain in occupation until complete order is restored, the civil rights legislation obeyed, school integration accepted, and Negroes given a fair break in getting jobs.

(Come to think of it, Mr. Reston, Mr. Johnson *is* President: He has had the power to occupy Mississippi since he became President: he doesn't really have to wait until November, does he?)

To be sure—since Southern extremists and arch conservatives have been the backbone of the Democratic Party since the Civil War and they sent Johnson to Congress for 22 years, and fought for his nomination in 1960 thus putting him where he is, in the White House—such straight talk would be a great act of political courage. But, Mr. Reston, is political courage leading to political suicide something we should all expect and demand of a Republican candidate—but not of a Democratic candidate?

Oh, yes, we look to Mr. Reston to discourse further on moral ambiguities, high sounding contradictions—when he arrives in Atlantic City.

It seems to me I can already see the first line of his first column from Convention Hall: "As Hazlitt wrote, 'The only vice that cannot be forgiven is hyprocrisy!' "

July 31: But wait! There has just been laid on my desk Mr. Reston's column of this morning. What is *this* I read? "The voter [he writes] is naturally confused . . . Goldwater is talking about ideology and Johnson is talking policies; the President is concentrating on what he thinks is attainable, and Goldwater on what he thinks desirable . . . it might be useful if they got down to what they propose to do about the Negro demonstrations, . . . shortages of jobs, . . . the war in Vietnam, the disunity in the Alliance, and the constant probings of Communists . . . an election [should not be] merely a definition of ends, but a statement of the means to those ends. . . . The danger of all the current ideological talk is that it will divert the mind of the country from the practical to the theoretical . . . [The debate so far] has dealt not with practicalities but with ideals. and one day fairly soon it will have to come down to reality."

Thus endeth, with the opening of the Democratic convention, Mr. Reston's passionate interest in political morality.

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Lord Beaverbrook, R.I.P.

'He Did Not Give a Singel Dam'

COLM BROGAN

William Maxwell Aitken, who was to become the first, and perhaps the last Baron Beaverbrook, inherited a neat little bundle of prejudices. His father was a Church of Scotland minister who spent his adult life in Canada struggling for the salvation of predestined Presbyterian souls. The father disliked the Free Church of Scotland which had seceded from the Established Church for reasons he believed to be quite insufficient. He also disliked Scottish Highlanders, perhaps because they had joined the Free Church in massive numbers, contentedly leaving it to the seceding Lowlanders to support their churches. Perhaps because of this, he was much against the kilt which he frequently denounced in public as an objectionable and immoral garment.

Young Max maintained these prejudices to the end of his long life. Just how seriously he took them I would not venture to guess, but the fact that he maintained them at all threw a significant light on his character. What his father had said he would not unsay. He was a man of loyalties as simple and unquestioning as the loyalties of the best kind of schoolboy. A more serious prejudice was his hostility to Anglicanism. This, of course, had a historical origin. In Canada, the Episcopalians had for many years enjoyed a favored position, much like the Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland. On the other hand, he was warmly sympathetic to the Catholic Church and I sometimes had a wild suspicion that he might well have become a Catholic himself —if his father had not been a Presbyterian minister.

He spent his early life not in poverty but in such stringent circumstances that he was denied the higher education he so deeply desired. On his twenty-first birthday he spent the day fishing and decided that this life was not good enough. He decided to make a lot of money. It was almost a case of no sooner said than done. Before he was thirty he sold out his Canadian holdings for six million dollars (a mere fraction of what he was afterwards to make), and took himself off to England.

He won the constituency of Oldham, against all the odds, after an election campaign of only ten days. He had set himself to promote the interests of his fellow Canadian Bonar Law. When Arthur Balfour, wearied and sickened by continuous attack from his nominal supporters, resigned from the leadership of the party, there were two chief contenders, Austen Chamberlain and Walter Long. A third and rather reluctant contender was Bonar Law who was a badly trailing third in the contest. This was where Max Aitken came in. He did not attempt to win direct support for Bonar Law, but he worked like a beaver (the future was to make the metaphor singularly happy) to win support for both of the two leading contenders so that a deadlock was created. So it happened. The succession fell into the lap of Bonar Law the *tertium* but not particularly *gaudens* contender. That was Max Aitken's first and perhaps his most striking success as a political maneuverer. It should be noted that there was no conceivable political or other advantage for himself.

The Lesser Reward

When he helped to overthrow Asquith he did expect a reward, but it did not come. He hoped to get the Board of Trade, but all he was offered by Lloyd George was a peerage. He was reluctant to accept it and King George V was equally reluctant to accord it. Shortly after he bought the Lloyd George papers, I called on him at his estate of Cherkley. He was plunging about in his swimming pool, but came up for breath to tell me that there were some of the Lloyd George papers lying on a ledge. He asked me to run through them and pick out any item of interest. I had the greatest pleasure in reading to him a letter from Lord Stamfordham (the King's secretary) to Lloyd George telling him that His Majesty could see no reason of political or social service which made it right to confer a peerage on Sir William Aitken. "Is that so?" he boomed. "Well, maybe the old . . . was right." Not an unduly sensitive man.

He greatly regretted his acceptance of a peerage. The title and the social dignity that accompanied it meant nothing to him. When the peers assembled in Westminster Abbey for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, they were resplendent in their robes. Lord Beaverbrook was also in robes, but they were the robes of the Chancellor of New Brunswick University. That was an honor and an office that he truly valued.

The peerage proved to be a severe handicap because it deprived him of the chance of personal confrontation with Stanley Baldwin. Beaverbrook had bought the *Daily Express* and the *Evening Standard* and had founded the *Sunday Express* for the sole purpose of spreading propaganda for his cherished cause of Imperial Protection. Although he had known nothing of what he called the black art when he started in journalism in his forties, he became the most inspired proprietor-journalist in the world, but his propaganda paid very poor dividends. He made things awkward for Baldwin who was a Protectionist, but unwilling to impose food taxes, the only thing that could have given any serious meaning to an Empire *Zollverein*. Stanley Baldwin tried to fend off his terrier attacks by reaching an agreement on a common policy. The agreement was not observed when Baldwin had the chance of carrying it out when he became Prime Minister once more. Beaverbrook was convinced that Baldwin had deliberately betrayed him, and he launched open war. He put candidates up against the official Tory candidates in by-elections, he stumped the country and carried on a relentless campaign in his newspapers. Baldwin was so rattled that he talked of resigning but the results of the campaign were negative. The Conservative Party was divided, and that division may have contributed to Baldwin's defeat when Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister of the second Labor Government. Beaverbrook was de-

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lighted and gave a large celebration party. His butler at that time was called Stanley, but on that night he was renamed Ramsay and so he was known ever afterwards.

But Empire Free Trade was no nearer, for Baldwin, who now returned Beaverbrook's enmity with interest, kept control of the party machine. Beaverbrook came to recognize that his Crusade had failed, though that did not stop him from carrying it on in season and out of it. He challenged Baldwin again during the abdication crisis, and once again was worsted, for he had launched an attack by fairly light forces against heavily prepared and heavily defended positions. His liking for the Establishment was not increased by his recognition of the fact that the Establishment could hardly lose, holding every ace in the pack. He could no longer hope to be a dominant influence in British politics, though he made a brilliant contribution to victory as Minister of Aircraft Production in the Second World War. Winston Churchill believed that no one else could have got the planes into the air in time to beat off the German bombing attack that was meant to be the prelude to an irresistible invasion.

'Nerve War'

I met him for the first time after the end of the war when he asked me over to his villa at Cap d'Ail, just over the border from Monaco. I cannot pretend that our relations were entirely happy at that time. I disagreed with him strongly on some issues and I had come over determined that I would not be sucked into the lost legion of the Beaverbrook yes-men. More than once my attitude led to a tacit break in relationships. Perhaps I overacted the manly independence line. I once asked a friend in exasperation, "How do you deal with a man who won't listen to any argument, and who is so stubborn that he won't budge an inch?" My friend sympathized and then asked thoughtfully, "Do you not think it's a pity there are two of you?" It was a salutary thought that had never occurred to me.

During these years we had a kind of nerve war. A disagreement would be followed by silence, sometimes prolonged, but his office would phone me now and again just to confirm that I was still alive and accessible. He once had me tracked all over London and finally ran me down in the Naval and Military Club where I was a dinner guest of another Canadian. He said he wanted a chat and Arlington House was only a short walk from the club. When I told him that I could not possibly abandon my host, he said, "Of course not. I'll ring you again in a day or two," but I knew quite well that he had expected me to make my excuses after the first cup of coffee.

The day or two became a week or two, then a month or two, and it was clear that he was waiting for me to phone him. Sheer necessity forced him to make the first move, and this time he tracked me down in Farm Street, the Jesuit headquarters, and told me that he still wanted that chat. However there was a slight difficulty, for the time was eleven twenty and he was sailing on the Queen Mary at noon. But when he added that it took hardly any time nowadays, I gradually got the idea. He wanted me to fly to New York next day where his own plane would pick me up and take me to New Brunswick. The London streets were thick with snow. I thought of New Brunswick in January and pled several unbreakable lecture engagements.

His methods of working were, to say the least, peculiar. I once spent a fortnight at his Cap d'Ail villa assisting him with a highly explosive document. All the work was done in the open air, which I much disliked, for the Riviera coast is gusty and at any moment my papers might be scattered like confetti. One day he came to me and said, "Put all your papers under your cushion." Then, along the veranda, majestic as a galleon, came Winston Churchill clad in a masculine equivalent of a topless bikini. He was an impressive sight. The great man chatted affably, all unaware that I was sitting on papers he would have done anything to suppress if he had known of their existence.

The final touches to the document had to be made in London. When I went to Arlington House, Beaverbrook told the butler that a certain person was coming at half past seven. "Show Mr. Brogan up to the top drawing room," he said. It was characteristic that he had two drawing rooms in his modest penthouse flat. "He will ring the bell when he is finished. If he is finished before the person comes you will take him down in the lift. If not, you will take him down the fire escape." He could see nothing odd in such arrangements. I never discovered who the person was, but I had my dark suspicions.

I am happy to say that in our later years together a wary relationship developed into a warm and even intimate friendship. In fact, it became so intimate that he confided in me rather more freely than I liked. Friendship did not preclude disagreement. When he threw all his embattled forces into his struggle against Britain's entry into the Common Market, he asked me down to Cherkley and invited me to mastermind the campaign. He made a number of phone calls which indicated that there was a lot of money in this, a lot of money for me. I broke it to him gently that, on the whole, I was in favor of the Common Market. He shook his head in bewilderment. When a friend disagreed with him on some important issue, he unconsciously assumed that the friend must be suffering from a temporary mental aberration that would soon pass. When he failed to win me over, he phoned one of his editors and

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said, "What this campaign needs is a man who can really write, but what can you do when the man is a bastard who is in *favor* of the Common Market?" He then said, "Colm, I've tried to seduce you and failed. You'll never hear another word about it." He was back at it again next day.

He was the most variously entertaining and the most endlessly surprising man I have ever known. His lively interest in every aspect of life was with him to the end. He would think nothing of phoning me from Canada to verify a verse quotation from Walter Scott. His charity was immense and secret. In the long list of those he anonymously supported were some bitter enemies of his political past who had fallen on evil days. He had a total though sardonic tolerance of all human vices and failings, except, of course, those evident in Stanley Baldwin.

But, above all else, he was a man of inflexible conviction and courage. He pursued his policy of Empire Free Trade in face of ridicule, enmity and slander. He was indifferent to attack. In a world of back pedaling and carefully ambiguous public men, he was like a rock standing in a field of bending corn. When the news of his death was announced, desolation fell on me. I would never look upon his face again.

My last contact with him was by telephone. In spite of extreme physical infirmities and knowledge of approaching death, he went to his 85th birthday party and made a speech that may be long remembered. A newspaper misinterpreted a sentence in that speech and I phoned Lady Beaverbrook to ask her to draw his attention to the misinterpretation. I knew that the old man must be exhausted after such an effort, and I was anxious not to disturb him, but he insisted on speaking to me himself. He said, "Colm, I see your point. I'll deal with it at once. I am much obliged." He then added his customary sign-off line. "I'll be seeing you in a few days." I had no suspicion that he was phoning from his deathbed and that he knew it.

The memorial service was held in St. Paul's. All the pomp and the pomposity of the Establishment which he had not combated but simply ignored were heavily represented. I cast about in my mind for a more fitting epitaph. I remembered a poem on a Bubblyjock (a turkey) written by that delightful little Edinburgh girl Marjorie Fleming. The bubblyjock's offspring were destroyed and Marjorie, watching, felt that the maternal breast would be wrung. Quite the contrary. With the shattering realism of childhood, Marjorie recorded, "She did not give a singel dam."

Change the gender and you have the Beaver. He did not give a singel dam. That was why I came to love him in the end and why, in spite of Predestination, I had a Mass said for the repose of his soul.

Letter from Cyprus

The Return of General Grivas

CHARLES FOLEY

I first met General George Grivas, leader of the Greek-Cypriot resistance struggle against Britain, an hour before he left Cyprus at the end of his campaign in March 1959. He had won, it seemed, hands down. After four years of protesting that they would "never yield to terrorism" the British did just that, signing away their rights in this Mediterranean colony which became an independent state.

Now, for the first time, this strange, lonely man who had defied every effort to destroy or capture him could come out into the open. Throughout the long struggle no one outside a few trusted lieutenants had ever seen him, and to avoid uproar on his departure it was agreed that he should leave secretly from the airport for Athens, where a hero's reception had been prepared.

That morning, my telephone rang at seven. A Greek friend, stammering with excitement, said that Grivas had agreed to meet a few local people before leaving, and I was among the number. A car picked me up ten minutes later. We drove to a modern villa owned by a Cypriot businessman and were shown into the well-carpeted drawing room. There were flowers in silver vases and a row of sports trophies over the fireplace. Groups of Greek-Cypriots sat talking in lowered voices: apart from a marked tension and the presence of some black-robed Orthodox priests I might have blundered into a morning coffee party. Presently, however, the doors opened and Archbishop Makarios, nationalist leader of the church militant in Cyprus, entered. He folded his hands over a silver-mounted staff, gave his most mischievous smile and announced, "General George Grivas."

In the doorway stood a small, upright man with a grizzled mustache, whose lean, lined face was brought to life by dark and powerful eyes. He wore combat dress of his own design: a zip-up cardigan, breeches and calf boots, a Sam Browne belt. On his head was a beret with the letters EOKA—the name of his underground army—freshly stitched by some feminine hand. Binoculars were slung from his neck and a Smith & Wesson revolver was on his hip.

Magnetic Personality

One by one, the Archbishop introduced us. Since no one cared to speak first, Grivas began to put us questions, turning sharply from one subject to another with machine-gun rapidity. When presently I asked where he had been hiding in recent years he replied: "Don't you know? Always with the British!" There was a hoot of laughter from the Greeks, which Grivas silenced. No one in Greece, he assured me, had been more pro-British than he, until British obstinacy had forced him to take up arms against them for the liberation of Cyprus. Soon we were swept away on a flood of dramatic monologue as Grivas spun around on his heel, flung his arms in the air and raised his voice in uninhibited emotion to thank those who had been of help. Outside the group as I was—being the only foreigner present—I saw that he held everyone else spellbound, and I felt that this had nothing to do with his legend as a guerrilla chief in the classical Greek tradition: if they had

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never heard of the man before they would have followed him into any adventure which he set before them.

Since that day Grivas has remained one of the most enigmatic of contemporary figures. He has refused to give interviews, and forsworn public statements and appearances. I met him again only because I was asked to edit his memoirs for world publication, and in the course of many discussions in Athens and Zurich where he lived for a while to avoid the limelight, I came to know him well.

Grivas told me that the small scale on which EOKA was run had never been realized. When on April 1, 1955, he landed secretly in Cyprus from a fishing boat he had at his disposal 20 untrained men, 80 guns and a couple of hundred hand-grenades. Many of the guns were antiques, others unserviceable; only two of the volunteers had handled a weapon before. Yet out of this material grew an organization which forced Britain into the last colonial war she is likely to wage—the last because it proved impossible to win. At its height nearly 40,000 troops, including the most famous units of the British Army, fought to hold this speck of an island. Britain's most distinguished soldier, Field-Marshal John Harding, was sent out with a free hand to crush EOKA. He poured in troops, blockaded the coast with warships and radar, built up a vast security machine of experts and informers, offered £10,000 for Grivas' capture and paid out £100,000 in bribes. Yet he failed completely. On his retirement from the scene Harding wrote of his opponent:

"He [Grivas] is a man of great personal courage and endurance, a stern disciplinarian and austere in his habits. He is as unsparing with his subordinates as with himself. . . . He has become a legendary figure in Cyprus. As long as he remains active and at large in the island, EOKA, the terrorist organization that he created, will retain a certain power of recovery. . . ."

It was generally believed that a committee guided EOKA, or that Grivas had various deputies and a large staff. "In fact," he told me, "I personally made every decision of consequence. I gave the orders and wrote every important proclamation. Not from choice, but because I had no one

else experienced enough to act as deputy." For a year he also personally trained the mountain guerrillas and led the first daylight ambush. He lived rough, despite his mature age, and made 24-hour marches across wild country, sleeping sometimes in the snow with a single blanket around him. At the same time he managed to keep control of his widely scattered forces. After a while he went literally underground, into a cellar hideout in the town of Limassol. Here, for more than two years, he saw only two or three essential couriers; yet he sent out a daily torrent of written orders which were unfailingly obeyed.

The least-known aspect of this strange story is that towards the end of the campaign Grivas found himself fighting his own allies—Archbishop Makarios, who had been exiled in Athens, and the Greek Government—at least, in words. While publicly supporting the Archbishop as traditional leader of the struggle for union with Greece, he quarreled bitterly with him in private over both political and military policy: after one acrimonious exchange of secret letters relations were broken off for some time. Grivas complained that he was being kept in the dark; later, when the peace settlement with Britain was announced, he was sure of it. He had fought under the banner of "Enosis"; now this age-old aspiration of uniting with Greece was ruled out by the agreement which made Cyprus an independent state.

Grivas left for Athens as a disappointed man, despite the glory which was being piled on him. The quarrel with Makarios and the Greek ministers flared out in public when Grivas accused them of withholding the full terms of the settlement from him until it was too late. But the new republic was not made to last. Last Christmas the endless arguments between the Greeks (80 per cent) and the Turks (17 per cent) of Cyprus broke into civil strife. Greece and Turkey have been drawn to the brink of war. Faced by the threat of a Mediterranean Cuba, America took a hard look at the international complications, finally deciding that there was much to be said for the oldest of solutions: Enosis. The next news was that General Grivas had secretly arrived back in Cyprus for the next stage of the "national struggle."

Once more in uneasy harness with Makarios, Grivas is unlikely to budge until Enosis has been achieved. It is possible that Turkey may be persuaded, with financial encouragement and some compensating gains of territory from Greece, that she will lose nothing by it. Greece may be harder to convince, for Athenian politicians will not relish the prospect of contesting power with Cypriot heroes like Grivas and Makarios within the Greek political arena. Of the pair, Grivas is much more acceptable in official American eyes. As a leading Communist-hater, he will at least provide a counter-balance to Makarios, who takes U.S. aid while using Russia and the Afro-Asian "neutrals" for bargaining purposes. If the Archbishop were suddenly to be removed from power as President of Cyprus, Communism might leap forward if there were no one ready to take his place. Now, of course there is, General George Grivas, and the threat of a Mediterranean Cuba has been pushed that much further into the shadows.

If union with Greece arrives, the General will become a major figure in Greek as well as Cypriot politics: it is far from impossible that he could be Prime Minister within a year. Grivas sees himself as the de Gaulle of Greece and he is every bit as proud, as obstinate, as confident a Man of Destiny as the French leader. He has waited a long time for this day, and if it comes he will make the best of this chance to seize the greatness which has always eluded him.

At the age of 65, in the long-lived Balkans, the General has perhaps a couple of decades to look forward to.

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Report on the CP

What About the 'Odious' McCarran Act?

THOMAS F. COON

In June 1961 the Supreme Court upheld the Internal Security ("McCarran") Act of 1950 which requires the Communist Party of the U.S. to register as an agent of a foreign power. Almost three years later only two Party officers—Gus Hall and Benjamin Davis—remain under indictment; none of the Party's officials has been tried or convicted. The Party itself was convicted on twelve counts of failing to register, but the conviction was thrown out last December by the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington. The Court of Appeals also sustained orders against the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born to register as Communist fronts, but it reversed registration orders against the National Council for American-Soviet Friendship, and a half-dozen groups that had supposedly been dissolved.

In short, enforcement of the McCarran Act has been frustrated for fourteen years. The Act has by no means been nullified, however, and in fact attacks on it in the Communist and hard Left press have been increasing.

The CP 'Recognized'

The issue in the Supreme Court decision of June 1961 was the constitutionality of certain basic provisions of the Internal Security Act of 1950, more particularly the registration and disclosure provisions as applied to "Communist-action" organizations (it took the courts those eleven years to affirm that the CP was a "Communist-action" group).

The Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950, as amended, was enacted as part of the Internal Security Act of 1950. The registration provisions of this Act are aimed primarily at organizations which are either "Communist-action" or "Communist-front" organizations and operated for the purpose of giving aid and support to the dominating authority.

The obligation to initiate registration under the Act lies with the organization. If such an organization fails to register within the time prescribed by the Attorney General, he can then petition the Subversive Activities Control Board to hold hearings to determine whether registration is required. The findings of the Board must be supported by a preponderance of the evidence and no order by the Board shall be final until the aggrieved party has exhausted his opportunity of judicial review (in fact, after finding against the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the Court of Appeals *invited* the VALB to petition for reconsideration of the decision, which it did).

When an organization is ordered to register, certain other restrictions follow. It must file annual reports disclosing full membership and financial data. It is also denied a tax-exempt status.

In the event an organization fails to comply with a final order to register, then the obligation to register individually falls upon *all members* of a Communist-action organization and upon the *officers* of a Communist-front organization. Other restrictions falling upon individual members include denial of passport privileges and denial of federal employment or employment in defense industries. The penalties imposed upon individuals for wilful failure to register or file required statements and annual reports, include a fine up to $10,000 or imprisonment up to five years, or both.

The above are the "odious features of the McCarran Act," which we have heard so much about during the past fourteen years. In point of fact there is nothing in the McCarran Act to prevent a Communist from speaking out but it does establish the means by which the speaker will be properly identified. This is not legislation designed to suppress the free expression of ideas or to restrict debate. Though dissenting from the majority in the Internal Security Act decision, Justice Douglas had this to say in answer to Communist claims that the McCarran Act was an infringement of the First Amendment:

"If lobbyists can be required to register, if political parties can be required to make disclosure of the sources of their funds, if the owners of newspapers and periodicals must disclose their affiliates, so may a group operating under the control of a foreign power."

Hidden Tentacles

Is internal security really worth getting all this excited about? Attorney General Robert Kennedy, whose department has been pressing the various cases against the CP leaders and the Party itself, thinks not—on the grounds that the Communists in the United States are few in number. Estimates of party membership range from 8,000 to 20,000—figures which tend to delude the naive. But the late Francis Walter, who studied the matter at close quarters as chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, estimated that there were ten persons under Communist discipline for every member. And it was also his estimate that these individuals operated through over 600 front organizations and thousands of "offshoot" fronts. J. Edgar Hoover has repeatedly pointed out the many different kinds of strength the Communist Party enjoys from the professional who may or may not be a card-carrying member, the concealed Communist, the sympathizer, the fellow traveler, the innocent dupe, and finally, the opportunist. However you break it down, Mr. Hoover argues that we have the equivalent of some twenty enemy combat divisions on American soil, engaged in propaganda, espionage and subversion. Whether or not that figure is inflated there should be no question of the pressing need for containing Communism in the United States, which was what the Internal Security Act was set up to do fourteen long years ago.

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Special Report

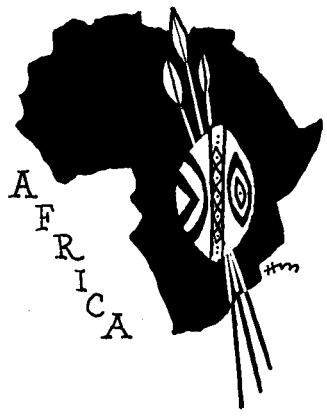
Terror in Johannesburg

If the bomb outrage at the Johannesburg railway station on July 24 that killed 23 persons is proven to have been the act of an underground political organization, the resistance movement in South Africa will have entered its third and most violent—and most desperate—phase, that of terrorism. The first phase, non-violent protest, ended with the failure of the three-day work stoppage plan in May 1961, when South Africa became a republic outside the Commonwealth. The underground forces then decided on a policy of "selective violence," in view of the failure of peaceful protest. That December South Africa had its first taste of violent protest, with onslaughts on government buildings in three provinces. Since then there have been hundreds of cases.

This calculated campaign has at various times been directed by the rival African movements and their militant offshoots, including *Poqo* (extremist members of the Pan-African Congress), *Umkonto we Sizwe* or Spear of the Nation, the military wing of the African National Congress, and now the African Resistance Movement (ARM). Mr. Justice Snyman decided, in his inquiry into the Paarl riots of November 1962, that acts of sabotage "are done largely under the guidance of Communists. They use the ANC, Poqo and other bodies for this purpose." The first act of sabotage that could have deliberately endangered life took place in January 1963, when a bomb was thrown into the offices of the weekly government-supporting newspaper in Durban. Nobody was, in fact, injured, but sabotage continued intermittently all over the country.

In June 1963, the police announced that they had in recent months arrested more than 250 people on allegations of sabotage. Power and telephone lines and pylons, railway lines and installations, post offices and African administration offices in townships were the main targets. These people were also charged with conspiring to bring about an uprising, and furthering the aims of banned organizations. In the following month came the dramatic swoop on a farmhouse at Rivonia on the outskirts of Johannesburg. Of the seventeen people there arrested, seven were alleged to constitute the high command of the National Liberation Movement and Spear of the Nation. At the subsequent trial 199 separate acts of sabotage were alleged and eight men were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Yet the violence and plotting have continued. Shortly after the Rivonia arrests, the head of the Security Branch of the police announced that about 200 young Africans had passed



through the British protectorate of Bechuanaland during the previous two months for training in sabotage. Another hundred were all ready to go, he said. In March this year the police claimed another major breakthrough in their drive against subversion and underground resistance movements when they arrested fourteen alleged members of Spear of the Nation in Johannesburg. Not long afterwards—within sixty hours of the judgment in the Rivonia trial—a home-made bomb was exploded in Johannesburg and pylons were dynamited on the Rand and near Cape Town. And on July 3rd, just when people thought they were in for a period of calm, the Security Police raided hundreds of homes in the Cape and the Transvaal.

This heralded a fresh series of detentions without trial under the "90-day clause" of the General Law Amendment Act. Up to this week more than 40 people have thus been detained. The police claim to have discovered explosives, detonators, safety fuses and electrical equipment in Johannesburg and Cape Town. New sabotage trials are therefore pending. With the Johannesburg railway station explosion there has emerged prominently, although not for the first time, a new name—The African Resistance Movement. The ARM had claimed in circulars to newspapers to have been responsible for sabotage. It said it would try to avoid violence but would not stop at bloodshed if necessary. The chief of police has said that the movement consists of both whites and non-whites and that most are professional men, students and lecturers—a resistance of "intellectuals." Non-whites, he added, apparently played a minor part in recent incidents compared with the share they had in previous sabotage organizations. The arrests, the police claimed, had broken the back of the country's newest sabotage organization — a claim that has been belied in the past.

For the Record

There are no official or accurate unofficial figures of the number of persons arrested or tried for sabotage or other so-called political crimes, such as belonging to banned organizations or advancing the aims and objects of banned organizations. But the journal *Forward,* edited by a former Labor member of parliament, Mr. Alex Hepple, has kept a record of what it calls political trials since March 1963. It gives these figures, thus far undisputed: 1,315 people have been charged at 111 trials with the following results—44 sentenced to death; fourteen to life imprisonment; and 894 to a total of 5,713 years' imprisonment. The rest were either lightly sentenced, remanded, acquitted or discharged.

The railway station bomb onslaught has produced a wave of revulsion among all races in South Africa. Leaders of all parties, from the Liberals to the Afrikaner Nationalists, have condemned the outrage unequivocally as a senseless act that

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could do no good; it would make peaceful change so much more difficult. The Liberal *Rand Daily Mail* suggested (not for the first time) the summoning of an all-race convention of people of good will to seek a just solution "in non-racial South Africa"—a suggestion that a Nationalist newspaper condemned the following morning as dangerous. "We are not a non-racial land as the *Mail* apparently wants us to be," said *Die Transvaler*, the paper Dr. Verwoerd once edited. "We are a multi-racial country with separate development as our pattern of life."

The government press, apparently nervous lest irresponsible whites be tempted to take the law into their own hands, appealed for calm. Those who wanted to trigger off race war in South Africa, said *Die Burger*, wanted to force relations between blacks and whites to breaking point and to incite people to blind revenge.

The cause of moderation has been set back grievously by the station crime. Your correspondent believes that the legitimate citizenship rights that reasonable non-whites desire and that many middle-of-the-road whites are anxious to see established as the basis of a contented South Africa will never be achieved by violence, still less by terrorism.

The non-white reaction has varied from outright condemnation by ministers of religion and other individuals to indifference among the younger elements, many of whom would doubtless not condemn violence in principle. It is very difficult indeed these days to get any real expression of African opinion. What is perhaps the saddest feature is the absence of any acknowledged leadership that could be consulted in such a crisis. There is no recognized political movement among Africans outside the tribal reserves. All the leaders of past movements have either faded from the scene like Dr. Moroka, or been silenced like ex-Chief Luthuli or jailed like Mr. Sobukee and Mr. Mandela, or left the country like Mr. Tambo. A pall of silence lies over the land, disturbed every now and then by the violence of explosives. How much unrest, if any, there is below the surface nobody can say.

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August 1, 1964

The Southern Strategy

W. H. VON DREELE

It is late afternoon in Washington, D.C. Seated in the intimate seclusion of the Presidential apartments are Lady Bird, her daughter, Lynda Bird, and President Johnson. They are discussing election strategy with the senior senator from Minnesota, and their conversation may have gone something like this:

HUMPHREY: Hi, you all.

LYNDA BIRD: No, Senator. It's *y'all*—like it was just one word.

HUMPHREY: Hi, y'all.

LYNDA BIRD: That's better. (Turning to her father) Daddy, he's improving.

LADY BIRD: What's your favorite dinner menu?

HUMPHREY: Southern fried chicken with okra, and baked sweets, and grits, and fried bananas, and . . .

JOHNSON: *Stop!*

LYNDA BIRD: Daddy, if we're gonna get him talkin' right for Atlantic City there's no time to lose.

JOHNSON: (Wincing) You know I don't like that word, Lynda.

HUMPHREY: Lyndon, ah think y'all overlook the fact that ah'm from *southern* Minnesota.

LADY BIRD: Lyndon, I'm not sure he'll do.

HUMPHREY: Do? I'll do *anything*. Ever know I was Mr. Bones in the College Minstrel Show? Get this: Mr. Interlocutor, I'ze got a riddle fo' yo'. How many flies can a horse swat when he's . . .

JOHNSON: Stop!

LYNDA BIRD: Daddy, I think he's doin' right good.

HUMPHREY: You listen to that young'un, Lyndon. She's got brains.

LADY BIRD: I'm not sure he'll do.

HUMPHREY: (On his knees) Get this: I'd walk a million miles, for one of your smiles, my M-a-a-a-m-e-e!

(The three LBJs look incredulously at Minnesota's senior senator.)

JOHNSON: I appreciate the enthusiasm, Hubert, but the thing that worries me's the way you pushed that civil rights thing.

HUMPHREY: But Lyndon, I did it for you . . . I mean for *y'all*.

JOHNSON: Yes.

LYNDA BIRD: Daddy, I think he's right good.

HUMPHREY: Bless you, chile.

LADY BIRD: Lyndon, I just don't think he'll . . .

HUMPHREY: Get this one: Swanee! How I luv ya, how I luv ya, my dear old Swanee!

LYNDON: Thank you, Hubert. You'll be hearing from us.

LYNDA BIRD: Daddy, he's great!

LADY BIRD: But could he carry southern New Jersey?

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Conservatives, Too, Have Tenure

Doctrinaire and intolerant Deweyism still is dominant in many teachers' colleges and state educational bureaucracies. At Wisconsin State College, Oshkosh, Dr. Gordon V. Drake recently was sentenced and (metaphorically) executed by the Progressivist tribunal. His case — which has been a cause célèbre in Wisconsin for the past four months — is sufficiently illustrative of the arbitrary domination which continues to function in many teacher-training establishments, despite a decade of criticism of Deweyite fallacies. But Dr. Drake, unlike most victims of this hierarchy, has protested.

Kirk

In March, Dr. Drake, a conservatively-minded gentleman formerly active in Democratic politics, was associate dean of instruction, director of institutional research, and professor of education (with tenure) at Oshkosh. On March 15, he published in the *Appleton Post Crescent* a page-long article criticizing college textbooks in history and the propagandizing of the National Education Association. On March 16, he was interrogated by President R. E. Guiles of the College, and by the administrative hierarchs. On March 23, President Guiles stripped him of his administrative posts — though, having tenure, Dr. Drake could not be removed from his professorship of education.

Criticism of the NEA and of Liberal domination of the textbook field had not been Dr. Drake's only offences. In January, he had sponsored a trip of college seniors to the Academy for Basic Education, Brookfield, Wisconsin—a most promising "traditionalist" private school. Some of the seniors had liked the work of the Academy, and had said so in a newspaper report. Also, as adviser to a student club, Dr. Drake had been in charge of Governor George Wallace's appearance in Oshkosh—though Professor Drake, a Democratic candidate for Congress in 1962, is himself no segregationist.

Here is Dr. Drake's summary of his treatment by the regime:

"On March 16 I met with the other college administrators (President Guiles, three vice presidents, the Dean of the School of Letters and Science, and the Executive Assistant to the President). A number of copies of my *Post Crescent* article were distributed on the conference table. I was roundly criticized for writing the article, allowing it to appear in the paper, and for the paper's listing my professional offices.

"I was also taken to task for sponsoring a field-trip of my senior students to the Academy for Basic Education in Brookfield, and for their subsequent comments which appeared in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. When I protested that I should be free to hold an independent point of view based on my own research and experience, I was told in no uncertain terms that I had damaged the image of the college, which was 'in difficulty already.' I was also told that:

"1. I had aided 'the enemies of the college';

"2. I could not expect to belong to the 'administrative team';

"3. I should write articles for academic journals but *not* for the newspapers;

"4. and all articles I might write should be submitted to the administrative officers for their guidance, counsel, and approval.

"I was told that my *Post Crescent* article had caused repercussions from public school administrators who stated that they would hesitate to deal with the college if I were in a position of authority.

"President Guiles pointedly said that he felt I could no longer be trusted to have access to the records of the college, since I might wrongly interpret the facts. This was a curious statement since, for example, my enrollment predictions, based on careful research and evaluation, have determined in large measure the college budget."

When, a few days later, Dr. Drake was deprived of his administrative offices and titles, President Guiles declared that these administrative posts no longer existed and, indeed, *never had existed!* O'Brien, in Orwell's *1984*, would have found President Guiles a useful commissar of Ingsoc.

The Real Losers

A decade ago, a promising young Liberal instructor in political science resigned from the Oshkosh faculty, disgusted with the anti-intellectual domination of the administrators. The college's president was surprised, and told the dissident instructor, "Perhaps you don't understand what we are trying to do at Oshkosh. We are trying to hew down the forests and drain the swamps of ignorance."

That instructor replied that he had rather be on the frontiers of education than in the backwoods. Just so, Dr. Drake may do well to escape from the empire of such a one as President Guiles. But this means the continuing supremacy of a shabby educationist clique at Oshkosh. The Oshkosh students and faculty are the real losers.

Professor Drake's article in the *Post Crescent* emphasized the need for students to understand the Constitution—and their present woeful state of historical ignorance. He ventured to object to an NEA pamphlet, "The Root of Opposition," which denounced with fanatic vehemence and Marxist reasoning all opponents of "federal aid to education." He even went so far as to suggest that we might keep a weather eye upon certain publications of UNESCO. And what good Deweyite educationist can possibly tolerate criticism of this character?

But Professor Drake is not a man easily silenced. Declining offers of assistance, he fights his lone battle against educationist tyranny.

Shortly after these lines were written, Dr. Drake accepted a position as an educational administrator in Hong Kong.

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The Limits of Papal Authority

WILL HERBERG

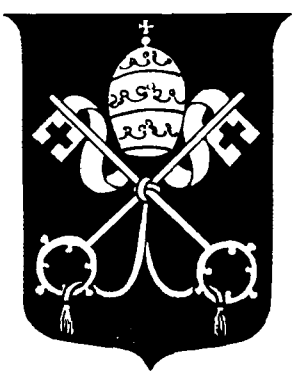
The encyclical *Mater et Magistra,* issued by Pope John XXIII in 1961, captivated world opinion by the breadth and generosity of its appeal. It also raised some questions, and initiated a controversy that, in the long run, may prove as significant as the substantive content of the message. The questions raised related to the nature and extent of the assent required of believing Catholics to a Papal encyclical and its various parts. The controversy over these questions flared up for a brief moment, and then appears to have subsided.

But the appearance is surely deceptive. For the time being, the élan of *aggiornamento* seems to have swept everything else out of the way; but even *aggiornamento* cannot simply conjure fundamental questions out of existence. And the questions raised by *Mater et Magistra* were fundamental, for they touched the question of the *magisterium, i.e.,* the teaching authority of the Church. Such questions concern not only the Catholic people, naturally always alive to the proper authority of the Church and its *magisterium*; they concern the non-Catholic world as well, for reasons that every Catholic should try to understand and take seriously.

I myself had a small part in the controversy over *Mater et Magistra;* and perhaps a brief account of how I, a non-Catholic, came to be involved may help to suggest the full range of the problem. For some years, I had been studying, as carefully as I could, the mind and work of the Church in this country and in Western Europe; and I had come to the conclusion that religiously and culturally, socially and even politically, the Roman Catholic Church was the most significant positive force of the West. Of course, as a Jew, I still had—and still have—my basic theological differences with the Church; but I could not help admiring the way the Church had held out against the secularizing, "liberalizing," and "progressivizing" madness of the nineteenth century, and had defied the *Zeitgeist* in order to preserve the fundamental truths about the spirituality, dignity, and destiny of the human person and of mankind as a whole in the emerging mass society of the industrial age. Because, for decades, it had not feared to be denounced as reactionary, the Church was now once more in the van in the struggle for humanity against the demonic forces of totalitarian dehumanization. It was definitely—and I must say, for many of us, rather unexpectedly—on "our" side.

Politics and Catholic Freedom, by Garry Wills. Regnery, $5.95

It became all the more important, therefore, to re-examine realistically the scope of thought and action vouchsafed the believing Catholic by his Church. And here, once more, we were in for a most welcome surprise. Instead of the monolithic uniformity we had been taught to expect, we found, in the Catholic community throughout the world, an astounding diversity of opinion, and a most fruitful freedom of thought—within the well-defined dogmas of faith, of course. And we found, too, eminent Catholic spokesmen who not only acknowledged this diversity and freedom, but gloried in it, seeing it as the condition (though by no means the only condition) of a vital spiritual and cultural life. In my case at least, the enthusiasm engendered by these discoveries ran high; and I became, as I have often been pointedly reminded, a kind of volunteer "apologist" of the Catholic Church *in partibus infidelium.* And I still am.



IMAGINE, then, the shock I experienced when, some three years ago, I was confronted with the admonitions to a rigorous conformity appearing in certain sections of the American Catholic press in connection with *Mater et Magistra.* And these stern admonitions stemmed, curiously enough, not so much from the so-called "closed mind" organs of Catholic "integralism" but from those that, until very recently, had been very "open minded" indeed. It was most disconcerting to find journals that had been eagerly promoting freedom of Catholic thought and inquiry suddenly insisting that *all* pronouncements of the *magisterium* were alike entitled not only to respectful and docile attention, but to "inward assent" as well—without bothering to explain the kinds and degrees of inward assent involved.

Everything in *Mater et Magistra,* and, two years later, everything in *Pacem in Terris,* had to be assented to and approved of simply as a matter of Papal authority. So fragile did the "openness" of the "open minded" prove itself once they thought they were in possession of encyclicals that seemed so much theirs, so unequivocally "liberal" and "progressive"! It was indeed awe-inspiring to watch Father A and Mr. B donning the robes of Monsignor X and sternly warning the Catholic faithful that not the least little deviation could be

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Random Notes

● MOVIES: The New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center this year (Sept. 14-26) will show the French musical *Umbrellas of Cherbourg,* which won the Cannes *Grand Prix* in May; *The Passenger,* a Polish movie about a concentration camp; *The Woman of the Dunes,* a Japanese film that won the Special Jury Prize at Cannes; Jean-Luc Gorard's *Gang of Outsiders; Parallel Streets,* a West German documentary; *The Other Side of Life,* a French film; and an Italian film about growing up, *Before the Revolution.* . . . Al Jolson's *The Singing Fool* has been revived by United Artists, raspy sound track and all, and can be seen again around the Republic. . . . It's not enough that the Germans have undertaken a *Fanny Hill;* David Pelham and Robert Goldstein, in England, have called in Jean Clouzot and Simone Dirieu (for $28,000) to do the script for a $1,120,000, wide-screen, color production for John Cleland's wicked old piece of tushery. Realizing that there's not a page of the novel which they can film, the producers remark that "it is fiction . . . a producer can make a version that does not necessarily strictly stick to the letter of the book."

Variety, some weeks ago, overcome by nostalgia, referred to the grand old days "when Theda Bara played Juliet to Francis X. Bushman's Romeo" a *souvenir* to sigh over, to be sure, except that, as several fond old gentlemen reminded them, Bushman's Juliet was the fetching Beverly Bayne, the Madame Bushman of the moment. . . . The Legion of Decency has given an A-1 rating to Paramount's *Robinson Crusoe on Mars,* though it sounds sort of lightheaded to us.

● THE HIGHER CRITICISM: A Ferranti Mercury Computer, fed 6,000 words of Bacon, Shakespeare, and Marlowe, is of the opinion that Bacon did not write Shakespeare or Marlowe; or Shakespeare, Marlowe or Bacon; or Marlowe, Bacon or Shakespeare. This is the same machine that decided that St. Paul didn't write all the epistles of St. Paul.

● BOOKS: Raymond Chandler never reprinted a group of stories that appeared originally in *Black Mask,* because he had developed characters and scenes from them in his novels. Now Houghton Mifflin is bringing out these five stories, plus three others, as *Killer in the Rain* (Sept., $5.50) . . . . Holt, Rinehart & Winston announce that they have set Edward Hyde Cox and Edward Connery Lathem to gathering and editing Robert Frost's prose. They expect to bring out three volumes of the poet's prose work, beginning with a volume in March, 1965. . . . Alice James, the invalid sister of Henry and William, kept a diary for the last four years of her life, to be published by Dodd, Mead this month. The diary is edited by Leon Edel, James' biographer. Excerpts from the diary were first published in 1934; the present text is complete.

permitted from so authoritative a teaching of the *magisterium* as an encyclical.

Awe-inspiring, indeed; but not exactly convincing. It just could not be the way the Liberals turned conformists insisted it should. How much "inward assent," for example, can the faithful Catholic give to the Papal Bull *Rex Gloriae* of the year 1311, in which Clement V (formerly the Archbishop of Bordeaux) in effect exalted France to the position once occupied by Israel as God's Chosen People? How much agreement is required to the corporative system outlined as the proper organization of society in Pius XI's encyclical of 1931, *Quadragesimo Anno*? But to come closer to our own day, does everything in *Mater et Magistra* (1961) and *Pacem in Terris* (1963) really demand a uniform degree of assent?

Granted that, where an encyclical contains doctrinal teaching, Catholics are bound to give it "interior as well as exterior assent and obedience"; the question remains, however, just what part of an encyclical does constitute *doctrinal* teaching on faith and morals. It certainly belongs to the doctrine of the Church that man is a spiritual being divinely endowed with certain natural rights; it certainly belongs to the doctrine of the Church that economic policy ought to be subordinated to morality so far as ends and the evaluation of means are concerned. But is it also, and in a like manner, part of the doctrine of the Church to which interior as well as exterior assent is required that the common good can best be attained by governmental intervention and control instead of through the operation of the free market, as so many contemporary economists contend? In other words, is Keynesian economics to be canonized as Catholic teaching, but the "neo-liberal" economics of von Mises, Roepke, and Milton Friedman outlawed?

It is Catholic doctrine that all human beings are bound together by a "solidarity which . . . makes them members, in a sense . . . of the same family" (*Mater et Magistra*); and no one who denies this can claim to be in line with the age-old teaching of the Church. But does one, in the same way (again referring to *Mater et Magistra*), have to acclaim the ILO and the FAO just because the Pope in his encyclical expresses his "warm approval" of their work? One must recognize the obligation of universal charity as an obligation imposed by faith; but does that mean that one cannot, in good Catholic conscience, advocate a foreign aid policy geared primarily to an over-all strategy for the defense of our country and mankind against Soviet totalitarian tyranny?

In a careful and balanced comment on *Pacem in Terris* ("Things Old and New in *Pacem in Terris*," *America,* April 27, 1963), Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., raised the possibility that "there may be some warrant for the thought that the spirit of confident hope which the Pontiff [John XXIII] courageously embraces fails to take realistic ac-

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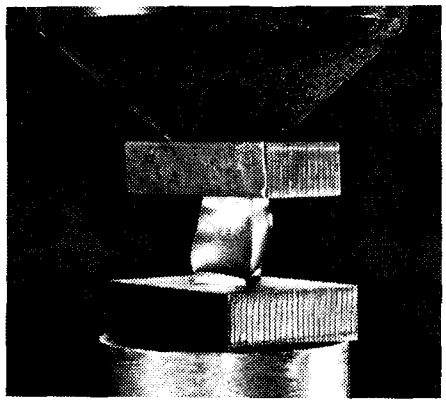

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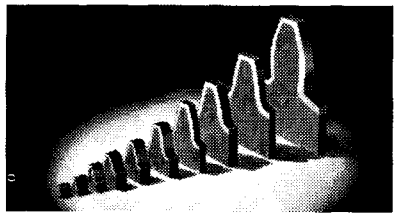

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count of the fundamental schism in the world today," so that "there will be those who think as I do [*i.e.*, as Father Murray does] that we have been given limited guidance." Are these doubts to be interpreted as a faltering, or a failure, of the "interior as well as exterior assent and obedience" required for the teaching of a Papal encyclical?

These are real questions, and the problem they point to is a real problem. It is, of course, an aspect of the perennial problem of authority and freedom within the Roman Catholic Church; but, though perennial through the centuries, it confronts us with particular urgency today, at a time when the Catholic Church bids fair to retrieve a position of spiritual and intellectual prestige it has not enjoyed for centuries.

THAT IS WHAT makes the present work of Garry Wills so very important. Mr. Wills is deeply disturbed at the attempts being made in certain Catholic quarters to cast a mantle of quasi-infallibility over certain ideologies and policies; he is even more deeply disturbed lest these obscurantist tactics, however unnoticed at first, redound to the discredit of the Church in time to come. His concern is the concern of a man who loves truth and is committed to his Church; he is therefore angered by statements and attitudes that seem to him calculated to injure either or both. His anger leads to polemic; but it is one of the singular merits of this work that the author proves able to get beyond polemic to the high ground of a fundamental inquiry into the problem itself.

Mr. Wills approaches his task with the passion of a believer and the conscience of a scholar; and the measure of his achievement is the penetration with which he opens up the problem to its depths and the clarity with which he pursues the analysis. I have not completed a chapter without a sense of new insight and understanding gained.

It is no wonder, then, that I heartily recommend this work to every Catholic and non-Catholic alike who is concerned with a problem—that of authority and freedom—which is of universal significance, and of particular importance in our time because of the pre-eminent position of the Roman Catholic Church in the life of the West. Mr. Wills does not

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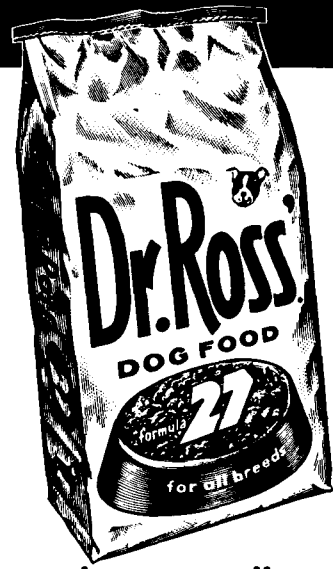

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For it means that, win or lose in November, conservatism can and will remain a powerful force in American politics; that although we may well lose battles, the war is far from over — it is, in fact, just beginning. That is why it is so important — right now — to keep this youth movement alive and *growing*.

National Review has played a vital role in this important movement (*Time* Magazine calls *National Review* the "spokesman for Conservatism"), and can *continue* to have a deep and expanding influence on today's youth. And we have long maintained that the best place to reach and influence youth is on the college campus and even in the high schools (where the battle goes on, all too often, under the disapproving and horrified eyes of the Liberal intellectual establishment).

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National Review recently commented that "effective criticism of Mr. Warren has almost dried up. With a few honorable exceptions, about the only people making serious criticism of the ideological fanaticism of Earl Warren and his quartet are, significantly enough, members themselves of the Supreme Court: Justices John Marshall Harlan, Potter Stewart, Tom Clark."

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answer all questions, and some of the answers he gives will not prove acceptable to every reader, any more than they have proved so to me. But no reader, I am sure, will fail to profit greatly from Mr. Wills in his polemics, in his historical investigations, and in his philosophical analyses. His book may yet become a powerful factor in bringing reason and clarity to the situation with which he is so deeply concerned.

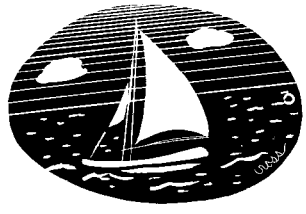
Fiction

Ha, Ha! It's Awful

JEFFREY HART

WHOEVER admires Oxford as the citadel of tradition where Charles I raised his standard against the rebels, or as the university of Newman, Keble, Pusey, and the return to orthodoxy, or as the historic home of ideals that, as Arnold felt, wage unceasing war with meanness of spirit, will find but cold comfort in Auberon Waugh's second novel.

In *Path of Dalliance*, a likable naif named Jamey Sligger graduates from an upper-class Catholic school and goes on to Oxford, only to find its ancient halls infested by Aldermaston marchers and outright Communists, all of whom agree in demanding immediate war with South Africa and abortions at government expense for "progressive" coeds. Matthew Arnold considered Oxford the antithesis of Benthamite philistinism, but the *canaille* Sligger meets there make Bentham seem genial and almost chivalrous. Waugh's subject is thus the decay of the educated classes and the decline of traditional institutions. The Oxford of Newman seems now to be the Oxford of the "new" Anglican thought. Waugh conducts us among his decadent grotesques with extraordinary comic skill, and reading *Path of Dalliance* is rather like going on a trip to the ocean bottom in one of those French diving machines: the fauna glimpsed are bizarre. The experience is all the more chilling because Waugh's characters, bathless and chanting their preposterous slogans, have inherited Magdalen, Christ Church, the Cherwell, the Broad, the playing fields, and all the rest.



This might be the place to point out that in modern literature the awful and the outrageous receive, with surprising frequency, a comic treatment, perhaps because comedy has the effect of placing such material at a certain distance from the sensibility. One thinks of *Ulysses*, of Kafka, Gide and Evelyn Waugh, of Faulkner at his best (as in *The Hamlet*), of Eliot's early poetry, and the drama of Becket. Ribald, icy, ironic or dark, comedy seems to be the dominant mode of our time. It need not seem odd then, that, like Auberon Waugh, the other three novelists under review employ different kinds of comedy in dealing with distressing subject matter.

Both Daniel Curley and Wallace Markfield, giving a sort of reverse twist to Kafka's joke about Gregor Samsa, tell the story of the worm who finds out he's human. Markfield's *To an Early Grave* is about Jewish literary intellectuals in New York, and it has already had something of a *succès de scandale* since Markfield's attitude toward them is one of disgust and contempt. Energetic, very uneven in quality, yet often brilliant in its comic hits, the novel is a good deal like those caricatures George Grosz used to do of life in pre-war Germany, in which disgust is communicated by insistence upon gross physicality. The fact that these

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***Path of Dalliance*, by Auberon Waugh. Simon and Schuster. $4.95**

***To an Early Grave*, by Wallace Markfield. Simon and Schuster, $4.50**

***A Stone Man, Yes*, by Daniel Curley. Viking, $4.50**

***On Ice*, by Jack Gelber. Macmillan, $4.95**

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characters are also mandarins of the little magazines and impresarios of the extension-school seminar makes them all the more absurd.

The story itself amounts to a kind of Eighth Street Bloomsday revolving around the funeral of one Leslie Braverman, cad, Kafka exegete and lion of the quarterlies, and sometime pornographer, who has died suddenly of a heart atttack (he is easily identifiable with a real person). His Brooklyn funeral turns out to be a farce attended by mourners who talk this way: "I raised you from a Middlebrow. I gave you your first copy of *Partisan Review*. I weaned you away from the art films, showed you the difference between the Western as mass myth and mass rite." In the end, Morroe Rieff, a worm, rejects this milieu and recovers a kind of decency. Applause.

THE WORM in Daniel Curley's novel is George Scott, head of the English Department at a tenth-rate university. For years his wife, a religious fanatic and an alcoholic, has refused to sleep with him, meanwhile perfecting her skills at psychological torture. When he is not delivering papers on Hawthorne at meetings of the MLA, Scott pursues a variety of women with comic unsuccess. In the end, he finds that instead of being frigid his wife is actually a nymphomaniac, and has been having an exhausting affair with an instructor at the university. Well, George decides to Face It, and, as he Discovers His Humanity, he and Alice patch up a kind of existence together. Daniel Curley is a superb prose stylist, inventive in his use of language and skillful in his narrative—a far more talented writer than either Markfield or Jack Gelber. His literary seriousness is almost overwhelming. But despite a few fine comic moments the story he tells simply isn't very interesting.

About Jack Gelber's *On Ice*, the less said the better. A few years ago he wrote a derivative play called *The Connection*, which had a critical and even, I gather, a box-office success, but his first novel is certain to end up, and soon, at Marboro. Gelber wants to tell us that life in America is absurd and deserves nothing but contempt. Naturally, he exempts himself from this verdict: his face appears in six different poses on the dust jacket. Full of hipster clichés,

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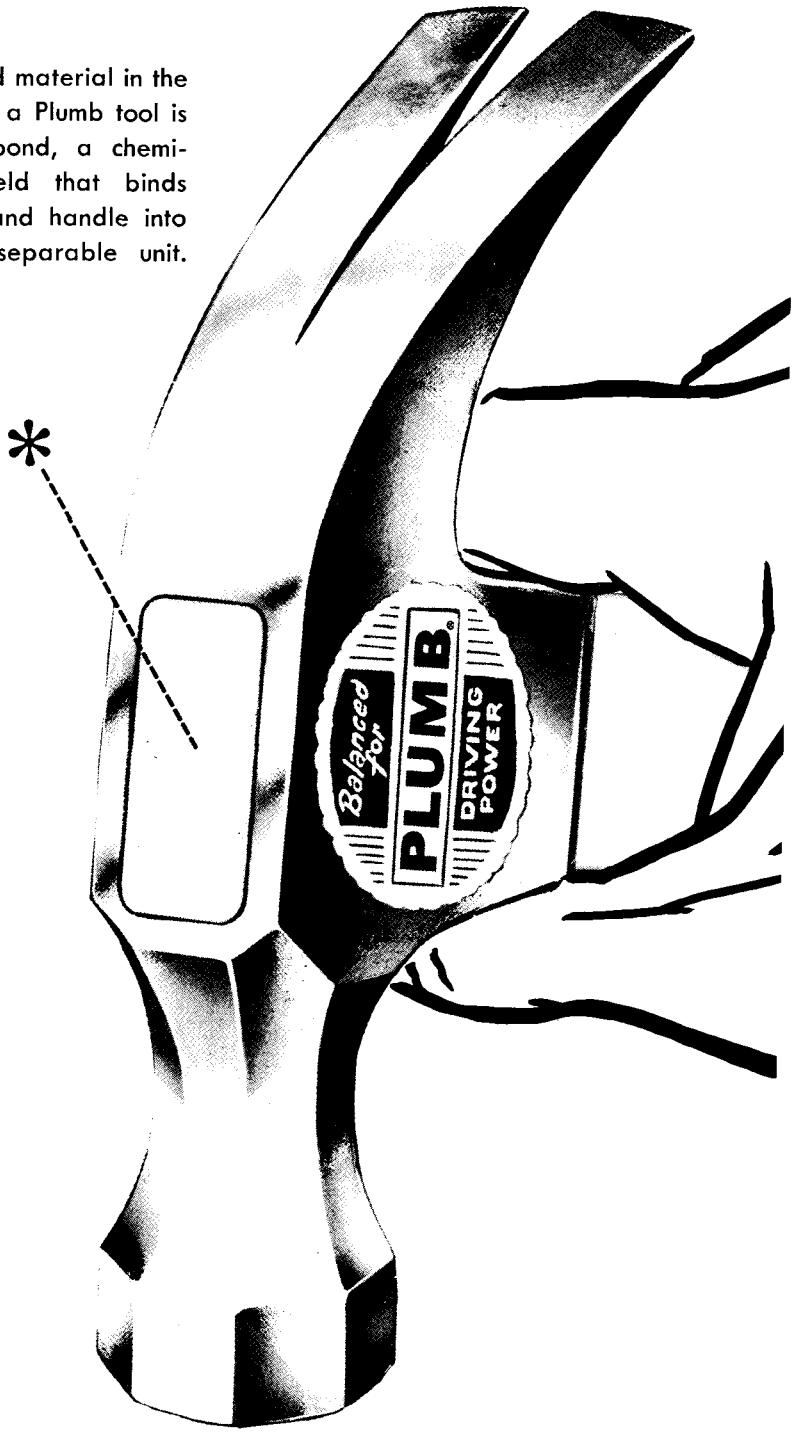

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Speaking up . . .

M. Catherine Babcock is happy to announce that Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, prolific writer who has lectured and debated throughout the country, is currently available for speaking engagements this fall. Born in Boston, Mass., Dr. Bouscaren received his AB from Yale and after serving as a Marine combat pilot in the Pacific, received his Ph.D. from the University of California in 1951. He is a former faculty member of the National War College, Washington, D.C. and is presently Professor of Political Science at Le Moyne College, Syracuse, N.Y. Dr. Bouscaren's latest book is *The Political Left in America.*

Since this appears to be a winning year for conservatives, your university or club might also write now for openings in the fall schedules of our other speakers: William A. Rusher, publisher of *National Review;* Frank S. Meyer, senior editor of *National Review*, author of the newly published *What Is Conservatism?;* Ralph de Toledano, syndicated columnist and author of *The Winning Side*; L. Brent Bozell, attorney, lecturer and author, currently at work on a major historical study of the Supreme Court; Russell Kirk, syndicated columnist, editor, professor of politics and author of forthcoming *Fulminations of a Nocturnal Bookman.*

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On Ice tells about a limp waster named Manny Fells who lives in a loft near Greenwich Village and takes dope, mistresses, and unemployment insurance, sometimes condescending to accept odd jobs. (The novel, hohum, is intended as a Shocker: Manny has intercourse on the bathroom floor. To this has the Revolution come.) Gelber seems to think Manny has the answer, but *On Ice* ought to have been left there.

America: Baroque and Gothic

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THIS IS a very good book, containing much more than its title promises. The *bandeirantes* were the extremely mobile, unstable and unsteady explorers and gold-diggers of early Brazil, while the pioneers are the men (and women) who pushed the United States from the Eastern littoral to the West Coast and thus became the human element of the frontier. Sr. Vianna Moog, a Brazilian himself, claims that the spirit of the *bandeirantes* and the pioneers has been the primary force in fashioning and forging the "American" and Brazilian national character and outlook. He is careful not to overstate his initial case; by adducing more and more factors and integrating one with the other, he is trying to find out why these two giants in the Western Hemisphere have had such radically different structures, outlooks and destinies.

Bandeirantes and Pioneers, by Vianna Moog; tr. from the Portuguese by L. I. Barrett. Braziller, $6.95

This reviewer—a European who has lived a total of thirteen years in the United States and only a month in Brazil—has a few criticisms of Sr. Moog's picture of the United States. I have learned, however, a tremendous amount about Brazil, details which ought to be true since they never once contradicted my impressions. But on the United States: is it really true that Americans are "anti-past," that they are indifferent to traditions, that they are not "conservative"? Towards the end of the book, Sr. Moog takes note of American immobility, unwillingness to learn and to change. Admittedly, one trait does not *necessarily* contradict another. Still, I have always been under the impression that the *novarum rerum cupiditas* has distinguished the Catholic (and Greek Orthodox) nations from peoples of the Reformed Faith. (The Reformation, after all, was essentially a medieval reaction against the libertarian spirit of the Renaissance.) Catholic nations are revolutionary, Protestant ones evolutionary.

Compare, for example, São Paulo from an architectural viewpoint with Chicago and see where modernity lies. The American is a Gothic man (*vide* Grant Wood's *American Gothic*), whereas the Brazilian, like his European co-religionists (with the exception of the Irish) is a product of the Renaissance, the Baroque, and of Rationalism (which Fr. Bochenski rightly thinks is the grandchild of Scholasticism). The "progressivism" of the Protestants is contradicted by the avoidance of the radically new; they want something they are already familiar with in a "bigger and better" edition. The date "1776" stands for a War of Independence and by no means for a Revolution.

THE OTHER POINT of dissent concerns the evaluation of two Presidents—Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Roosevelt especially always had a certain fascination for the non-American (to which this reviewer also temporarily succumbed for a time); his elusive and deluding personality, in a certain way, is quite un-American (which cannot be said of Woodrow Wilson). The more painstaking the scholarly research, the more tragically negative FDR's mentality and his contribution to our world appears.

Yet apart from these points, it would be difficult to refute Moog's main thesis, which rests not so much on the predatory *bandeirantes* and the hardworking pioneers, but rather on their Catholic and Protestant psychologies. He subscribes to the thesis of Max Weber on the relationship of Protestantism to the development of capitalism, and

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in this he is right. In spite of criticism right and left, the main bulk of Weber's doctrine (so brilliantly fortified in our days by Müller-Armack) still stands.

Moog is most instructive on the psychological results of racial interbreeding in the first stages of Brazilian society, painstakingly describing the neuroses and slights the offspring of white fathers and Negro (or Indian) concubines suffered. Old Brazilian society was largely polygamous, in fact, and even the fact that these half-breed children were educated by white foster-mothers (the legal wives of their fathers) was psychologically not much help. On the contrary. Yet Moog reminds his readers that the United States had an analogous trauma with her immigrants who went through agonies of adaptation, agonies shared in a different way by the second generation. It is, indeed, curious how little the average American realizes the mental tortures, the crises of loneliness, homesickness and inferiority endured by "the wretched refuse from your [*i.e.*, Europe's] teeming shore" (in Emma Lazarus' rather brutal words inscribed on the Statue of Liberty).

The picture the author paints of traditional Brazilian society is terrifying, and I am sure that "down there" he is forgiven only because his critique is that of an insider, of a compatriot. In the beginning of the book many a reader will be surprised by the admiration Moog expresses for the United States. Yet as the reader continues he has a feeling similar to that on reading the novels of E. M. Foster, which midway shift from an Anglocentric to a xenocentric viewpoint. With all his initial enthusiasm for the United States and his skepticism as regards Brazil, Moog subtly but insistently changes his vantage point. Finally we are presented with a profession of hope for Brazil and a passionate plea for America, which he sees in a very deep mental, cultural and political crisis, having the gravest consequences for the Western Hemisphere and for all Christian civilization.

I am afraid this may produce some dismay in certain American readers who gloated over the first part. By some others the terminating chapters will be regarded as examples of Catholic bigotry because, in spite of Sr. Moog's grave strictures on the Brazilian clergy of the past (always excepting the Jesuits who for many centuries must have been the hope of the Church in Brazil), the author is undoubtedly a firm Catholic believer. With Paul Tillich he thinks that the Protestant Age is drawing to a close. This means in itself the advent of the Great American Crisis, but the author looks hopefully to the Catholic Church in America as her potentially spiritual powerhouse of tomorrow.

The book abounds in splendid observations. Important is Moog's repeated insistence that America, while still nourished by the Calvinist inheritance (he rightly remarks that Lutheranism was never fully "Protestant"), is today essentially a victim of Rousseau's optimism regarding man. Here one would like to add that many American Catholic thinkers have not shown themselves impervious to Rousseau either. It is, however, questionable whether Americans are in fact by nature "anti-authoritarian." It all depends on how one looks at the problem. Americans dislike vertical pressures (from "above"), but succumb rather naively to horizontal dictates. They are, as Moog says, communitarian rather than individualistic. Catholic nations, anarchical and individualistic in their behavior, indeed have little, if any, sense of community. (Hence, in reaction, the desperate insistence on the theology of the Mystical Body, the liturgical movement, all the talk about *communauté* in French Catholic thought.)

Bandeirantes and Pioneers must be recommended to all Americans interested in self-knowledge. Even if they get angry, they will not regret the time and money invested in reading it. We know others better than ourselves, and the great books about nations have always been written by foreigners. Is it then legitimate for Sr. Moog to write about Brazil? His valid excuse would be that years of life abroad have qualified him to see his country from the outside. And in describing his countrymen he has been as bitterly satirical as in writing about Americans.

Records

From a Great Spanish Cancionero

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

My mother sang in a clear soprano, with that slight reedy quality of the good Spanish female voice. My mother's voice was untrained, but proper for the *romanzas* I heard her sing when I was a boy. The *romanzas,*

passed down in my family from mother to daughter since those fifteenth-century days when my ancestors stood erect in the court of the Catholic Kings, were ballads of tragic love, of chivalry, of the life that is precious because it is also pain. Today, I can hear those *romanzas* and *villancicos* on the dubbed copies of scratchy aluminum discs which my mother recorded for Columbia University three decades ago. This personal *cancionero* was part of a larger one which my aunt Zarita Nahon had collected in Spain and in Morocco—where it had taken refuge from the Inquisition and survived. Perhaps some day an eager musicologist, disturbing the dust of the academy in search of footnotes, will "discover" them for the world.

But these ballads of courtly love and courtly adultery, these tales a thousand times rehearsed by the *juglares,* are very much alive with the universal spirit of Spain. In their touching melodies, simple yet sophisticated, they offer settings for a poetry that is many cuts above the folk idiom—and very Spanish.

The words still sing to me:

Entre el mar y el río
ya salió un árbol de membrillo
ya salió de la mar la galana . . .

I can hear that *romanza* of adultery and death which in its many variants spread across Spain until it was drowned by the pretended sensibilities of a more florid day.

Gerineldo, Gerineldo, mi caballero pulido,
quien te me diera esta noche,
esta noche a mi servicio.

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Como soy vuestro criado, Señora burláis conmigo.
No me burlo, Gerineldo, que de veras te lo digo.

Its many verses can be read in an almost forgotten collection, edited by Menéndez y Pelayo—though not exactly as I used to hear it.

I thought of these songs, feeling bereft and no longer young, as I played for the first time *Spanish Song of the Renaissance* (Angel Stereo 35888), sung by Victoria de los Angeles. The nostalgia was heightened by an illustration in the luxuriously printed booklet which accompanies the album. There in reproduction was the cover page of a fifteenth-century musical treatise by Diego Ortíz Toledano. But this melancholy was rapidly confounded by the sounds that emerged from my speakers. Little enough of this richly and severely Spanish music can be heard—though gales of German *Lieder* still put acres of concert-goers to sleep. Curt Sachs included three *romanzas* and one *villancico* in that part of the massive *Anthologie Sonore* he directed. It was later transferred from the old 78s to LP by the Haydn Society. These songs are very fine indeed, particularly as sung in the strong, unmannered style of Maria Cid. They represent the work of Luis Milan (*Durandarte*), Miguel de Fuenllana (*Paseábase el Rey moro*), and two other composers of the sixteenth century. But they are "compositions"—that is, music that came out of the Iberian experience and was then refined by the genius of conscious musicianship.

The melodic line stems from the folk original and is faithful to it. The intricately polyphonic settings, carried incredibly by a single instrument—the *vihuela de mano,* a kind of double-stringed guitar—are demonstration enough that the romance has moved into the concert hall. It is an excellent hall, and the attuned ear will remark how thoroughly Milan and Fuenllana were able to break away from the Italian and Flemish influences which had, until their day, dominated so much of Spanish music. But the Angel album is a far more successful evocation of the popular genius which created this music. And that, perhaps, is odd. Victoria de los Angeles is, in her other work, thoroughly operatic. That is, she projects and phrases in a newer and more grandiose tradition. But in this recording her voice loses some of the conscious artistry which makes her great in opera. It picks up the quieter pulse of the *romanza* and the *villancico*. Behind her is a group of Spanish musicians who self-consciously turned away from contemporary scores and devoted themselves to the re-creation of a lost era. Again, oddly, they sound less complex than the single *vihuela* of the Milan and Fuenllana period. Both Miss de los Angeles and the Ars Musicae group realize, moreover, that in this kind of singing the voice must be a musical instrument which can blend with the ensemble—but never to the point where the sung words tend to become lost.

In its genre, this is great music—far more significant and alive than the *longueurs* of a Hugo Wolf or of a Schubert, rapt in an art song that is so much "art" it ceases to be song. Miss de los Angeles and *Spanish Song of the Renaissance* look down a long road to a golden age the world will never know again. We can rejoice that it once existed—and that we can still look back.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PEACE IS A THREE-EDGED SWORD, by Lloyd Mallan (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). The pacifist blitzkrieg against America's defenses relies heavily on two dubious propositions: 1) That America could accidentally become involved in nuclear war through mechanical error or human psychosis; and 2) That manned bombers have become "obsolete," and should be phased out in favor of intercontinental missiles. Space and missile authority Lloyd Mallan successfully demolishes both fallacies in this broad-gauge survey of the nation's strategic and tactical weaponry. Concerning the *Fail Safe - Strangelove* theory, Mallan points out that the launching and attack system employed by the Strategic Air Command is just the reverse of what is suggested in these propaganda exercises. U.S. bombers do not proceed until told to turn back; they can go ahead only on positive orders. Moreover, a berserk pilot could not on his own motion conduct a bombing raid, since the bombs, as weapon systems, must be properly fused by a complicated process. Mallan describes these and other safeguards in detail. As for the "obsolescence" theory, now dominating American defense policies, Mallan notes that SAC's B-52s are in the air around the clock, can be sent up on standby in case of ambiguous movements by the enemy, can be recalled if necessary, can decoy radar defenses with air-launched missiles, and can, by refueling from jet tankers outside enemy territory, maintain a constant stream of bombardment. Missiles have none of this flexibility, with the result that "they do not replace —they complement—the manned bomber."

M. S. EVANS

THIS NATION UNDER GOD, by Joseph F. Costanzo, S.J. (Herder and Herder, $7.50). There are two drives in motion today to secularize the education of youth. One seeks to enact a massive, and unnecessary, program of federal aid to public schools only, tending to drive into extinction the unsubsidized church-related schools along with other non-state schools. The other, embodied in the school prayer decisions, would wholly insulate children in public schools from any official recognition that there is a God, or a standard of right and wrong higher than the state. Father Costanzo, a Fordham University Professor of Historical Jurisprudence, is a reasoned polemicist of talent, and, unlike some clerics, he trains his guns on both of these dangerous movements. His scholarship is extensive and his analysis is deep. The topics covered range from a needed demonstration that Thomas Jefferson was not the agnostic he is often claimed to be, through a dissection of the school prayer rulings and their erroneous doctrine of religious neutrality, to a demolition of the New Frontier's nervous fabrications on the constitutionality of aid to parochial schools. This is a book valuable both as informative reading and as reliable reference on the wide-ranging issues of church and state.

C. E. RICE

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 706)

For Kenner With Love

Just a word of thanks: for Hugh Kenner.

Oh, thanks for a great many other things, besides, but especially this time for Mr. Kenner.

As an ex-wordman (comp. lit., Emory, M.A. pending) turned newsman-with-political-interests, I remember how hard it was to say anything sensible about books, and I remember how much more difficult it was to say anything sensible about the critics of books and their writings, and I remember how many of us (the grad students *and* the PMLA writers we were trying to emulate) failed on all counts.

Mr. Kenner was then, and remains now, one of the gentle breezes of exception to that generalization. I was grateful to him then and I am grateful now. The Fiedler review [July 28] is the latest example. I don't like Fiedler. Haven't since *Love and Death in the American Novel.* But Prof. Kenner has kindled an interest in Fiedler by making it seem as though he has something to say about books—about which I have come to believe there are only two words to be said—Yes or No.

Anyhow, Kenner is one of the few who can say more than that and make it stick. It makes me believe that year and a half in graduate school wasn't totally wasted.

New York, N.Y. MACY M. BRALY

American Council for Judaism

NATIONAL REVIEW [June 30] does not understand why *every* Jewish organization, whether Liberal or Orthodox, has denounced the American Council for Judaism. Would NATIONAL REVIEW experience similar difficulty in understanding why, for instance, the *Christian Heritage* Magazine, which is edited entirely by former Roman Catholic priests, all of whom are now vehemently anti-Catholic, could not be considered as a legitimate extension of Catholicism? The situation of the ACJ is quite analogous in relation to Judaism. In almost Hitlerian terms the ACJ has attacked religious Jewry, Israel, and Zionism. It has openly sided with Arab hate-Israel groups and has publicly averred that the Soviet Union does not practice anti-Semitism!

It behooves NATIONAL REVIEW to issue a public retraction of its egregious endorsement of this minuscule and pathological group.

Bronx, N.Y. ALBERT EHRMAN

Mr. Ehrman's letter, which the editors have invited me to answer, studiously avoids the central issue which the NATIONAL REVIEW reported on June 2, namely, the Department of State's policy declaration that Zionism's "Jewish people" concept is invalid as a "concept of international law."

It was precisely because the Council argued Judaism is a religion—not a nationality—that the Council was the recipient of this important clarification. How then has the Council "attacked religious Jewry"?

As a matter of public record the Council recognizes the State of Israel. It opposes Israel's Zionist pretensions, claiming a nationality relationship to all Jews through the now discredited "Jewish people" concept. The Council has called for a "de-Zionized Israel."

The Council is anti-Zionist. Zionism is a political-national movement which created a politically sovereign national state. Mr. Ehrman equates this political nationalism with Judaism. He is egregiously wrong.

The Council sides with no hate group. It stands on its own historic principles. Soviet "anti-Semitism" is so complex that, based upon then official information from our own government, the Council advised caution in formulating judgments. This is not denying the existence of the problem.

Mr. Ehrman cannot shout down, with his clichés, the fact that a responsible minority is entitled to be heard.

New York, N.Y. RABBI ELMER BERGER
Executive Vice President
American Council for Judaism

The God Amendment

Mr. Robert Dwyer, in his article, "The God Amendment" [June 16], is more than a year behind the times. If Mr. Dwyer had taken the trouble to get himself up-to-date, he would have secured a copy of H. J. Res. 693, introduced in the early part of September 1963, in place of H. J. Res. 9 discussed in his article. Had he done so, he would have found all of the subjects covered that he mentions in the third paragraph of his article, with the exception of Federal aid to education, including aid to private and parochial schools. This latter item I would not inject in this amendment because I oppose Federal aid to education regardless of whom it affects. What I am trying to do in this constitutional amendment is reverse the Supreme Court decisions that are now the law of the land, as well as upset the possible results of litigation pending in the courts in various parts of the country.

Mr. Dwyer also ignores the fact that I would *not* suggest that any child be *compelled* to participate in any religious exercise. I do suggest that the right and privilege of the

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majority to acknowledge God is at least *equal* to the right and privilege of the minority to deny Him.

Washington, D. C. REP. FRANK J. BECKER

About the Hallinans

In editing and cutting my story of Communist influence in San Francisco's "civil rights" demonstrations [July 14] you changed one of my periods to one of your commas and altered the meaning of one sentence. For the record let it be stated that Mrs. Vincent Hallinan and five of her sons were arrested in the current series of demonstrations, but no Hallinans were arrested in the 1960 City Hall riots against the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

San Francisco, Calif. M. M. MORTON

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (August 11)

Doctor [John] Gardner

EXCELLENCE

The society which scorns excellence in plumbing because plumbing is a humble activity and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy because it is an exalted activity will have neither good plumbing nor good philosophy. Neither its pipes nor its theories will hold water.

Whoa There, Mr. Herberg

Mr. Herberg [July 14] grossly oversimplifies the very complicated tradition of Christian teaching applicable to the issue of "civil disobedience" in a way that is most unfair to Dr. Martin Luther King. The doctrinal position, irreconcilable with Dr. King's, which Mr. Herberg ascribes to Augustine and considers to have been "stated and restated by Thomas Aquinas, Martin Luther, John Calvin, and every other great moralist and theologian of the Church," would itself be hard to reconcile with such representative passages as the following, written by Thomas Aquinas in explicit dependence on Augustine:

"A man owes obedience to secular rulers to the extent that the order of justice requires it. Hence, if their rule be not legitimate but usurped, or *if they command things that are unjust, their subjects do not owe them obedience*, unless perhaps for accidental reasons, in order to avert scandal or

"Like so many young men of my own generation, I began as a socialist, and this precisely for moral reasons. We all thought that this was the way to peace, liberty and justice. And also like so many of my own generation, I learned by experience and sober thinking that our youthful socialism was a fundamental mistake. Why?

First of all, because economic analysis has taught us that socialism is an inferior economic order. We condemn it because planning and nationalisation—the two pillars of a socialist economic order—lead to waste, disorder and a low level of productivity, in contrast to economic freedom and private property—the two pillars of the "liberal" economic order—which mean coordination, progress and a high level of productivity. Economic activities, in other words, are not the proper sphere of any planning, enforcing, and penalizing authority; these activities are better left to the spontaneous cooperation of all individuals through a free market, unregulated prices, and open competition."

Professor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva
(Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by President Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the postwar economic recovery of West Germany)

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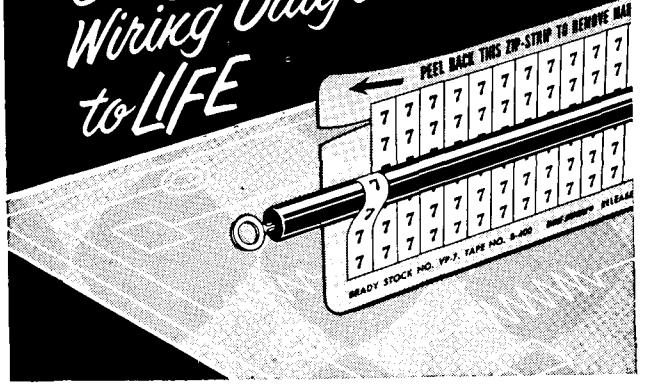

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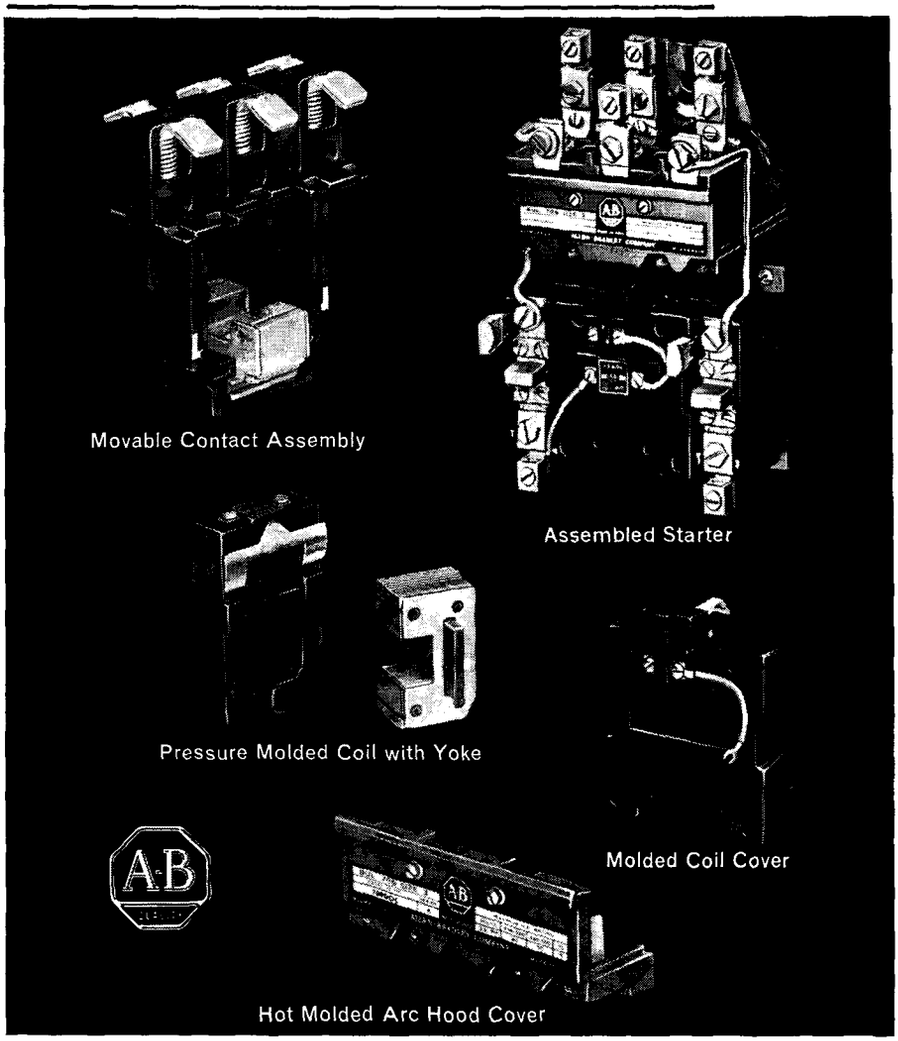
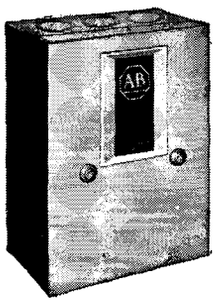
believe it or not...

the 5 units shown below are assembled into the open type starter, shown at the right, in less than 5 minutes blindfolded!



trouble free simplicity Important! It is impossible to assemble the basic units incorrectly—they are all "keyed." Also, whether working with a Size 0 starter or a Size 5, the units are the same—except for size. Do you know of any other starter quite so simple?



We have named only two of the many "plus values" designed into the Series K control. For the complete story, please consult your nearest A-B distributor, or write today for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

BULLETIN 709 Size 1 Series K Motor Starter. Ratings available from Size 00 at 1-1/2 hp, 240 v; 2 hp, 480-600 v, to Size 5 at 100 hp, 240 v; 200 hp, 480-600 v.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

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QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

peril." (*Sum. Theol.* IIa IIae 104:6)

"Laws are unjust in two different ways. One way is by being contrary to human good. . . . Consider, *for instance, when burdens are imposed on the multitude in unequal distribution,* even if they be ordered to the common good. *Such are acts of violence rather than laws,* for, as Augustine says in his book *On Free Choice, 'a law that is not just seems not to be a law.'* Hence *such laws do not oblige in the forum of conscience,* unless perhaps for the sake of averting scandal or tumult, in which interest a man ought to yield his own right. . . ." (*Ibid.* Ia IIae 96:4, italics mine.)

Such doctrinal concessions to a kind of civil disobedience are commonplace in Christian tradition. Their practical application, in view of the "accidental reasons," "scandal," "peril," and "tumult," has always depended on the balance of wisdom and courage in such men as Dr. King.

Bronx, N.Y. REV. JAMES GAFFNEY, S.J.
Fordham University

So Mr. Will Herberg finds no authority in the Christian tradition for the doctrine of civil disobedience as now propounded by the Rev. Martin Luther King.

It is extremely doubtful that Dr. King's willful purpose is to redefine Christian tradition—it would seem more likely that he is trying to win a political battle by establishing a "Christian" Christian tradition, in opposition to Mr. Herberg's "Christian tradition" which was already well established, when in 1252 A.D., by the bull "Ad extirpanda," Innocent IV approved the use of torture for the discovery of heresy. The "Christian tradition" is of course no more than the dominant, collective traditions of Christians—which have, alas, made a mockery of Christianity.

Was the destruction of commercial goods at the "Boston tea party" in the "Christian tradition"? Of course! Since 415 A.D., when the Donatists were forbidden to hold assemblies on pain of death, Christians have continually advocated violence when they didn't like the way things were going. Dr. King's practices, though, may herald the triumph of Christianity over the Christians. Let us hope so.

New York, N.Y. R. WM. CANON

Mr. Herberg's reply will appear in the next issue. —ED.

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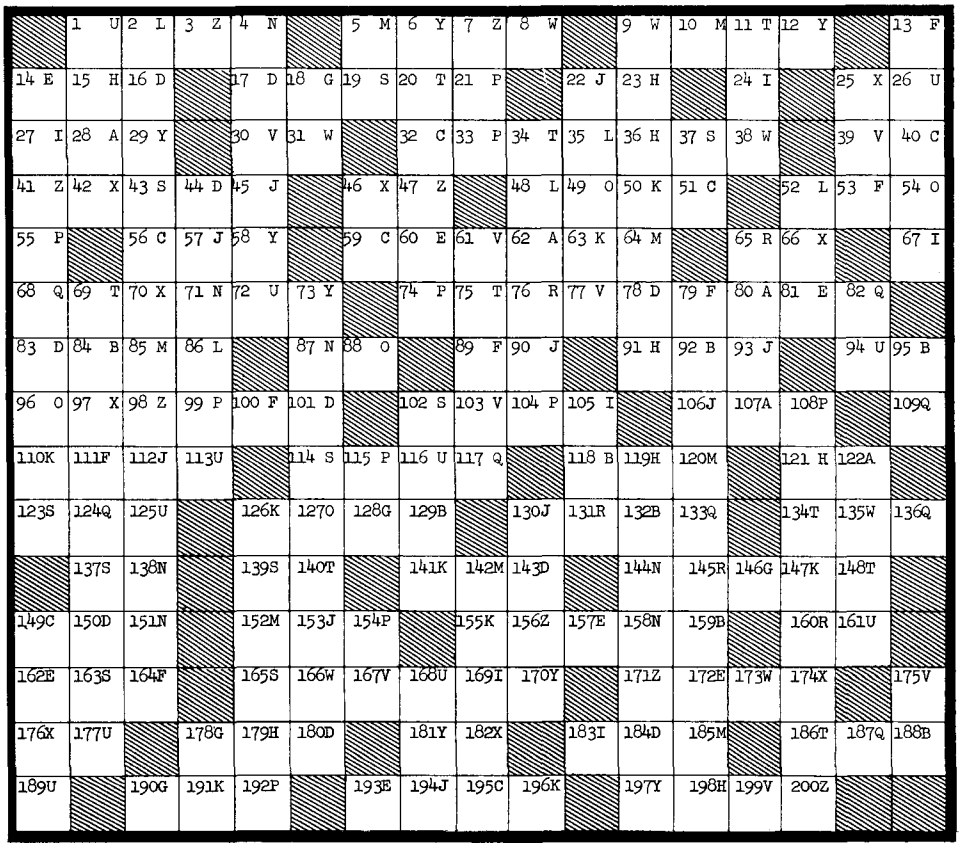
TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To pass off something spurious as genuine.	122 62 107 28 80
B. Part of Africa named for scholarship donor	129 92 95 118 132 159 84 188
C. Underwood was this state's favorite son, 1924 Democratic convention.	149 195 56 32 40 51 59
D. A section of United States that has a conscience (2 wds.).	180 78 83 101 150 16 17 44 184 143
E. A news source for some reporters.	193 157 162 172 14 60 81
F. A Democratic U.S. senator.	13 89 164 100 79 53 111
G. Nation in Europe.	18 178 128 146 190
H. Body of men connected with temple services (Old Testament).	23 179 91 198 121 15 119 36
I. To guarantee.	24 169 183 27 67 105
J. Another Democratic U.S. senator (full name).	45 22 90 130 93 57 106 194 112 153
K. It may look like macaroni on a vest, but it's a fraternal symbol (2 wds.).	50 196 147 63 155 141 191 126 110
L. Egyptian god of wisdom and magic.	52 2 35 48 86
M. A mouthful for an inebriate.	64 120 185 85 152 5 10 142
N. Turkish title of respect.	71 144 138 158 4 151 87
O. City in Yorkshire.	96 54 127 88 49
P. Greek historian.	104 115 192 74 55 154 99 21 33 108
Q. Aesop's Fables, for example (2 wds.).	124 68 82 133 117 136 187 109
R. Capital, North Vietnam.	131 65 76 145 160
S. A place of escape (2 wds.).	139 19 163 165 123 114 137 102 37 43
T. How quiet Italians talk (2 wds.).	148 134 140 186 69 11 75 34 20
U. English term of approval (2 wds.).	177 189 26 125 94 161 116 113 72 168 1
V. Impending.	30 61 167 103 39 199 77 175
W. Slang for sleep.	38 9 135 31 166 8 173
X. Name of Egyptian kings.	46 25 42 97 174 182 66 176 70
Y. What one cuts to gain experience.	58 73 12 181 29 170 197 6
Z. A private sleeping facility on a Pullman.	156 47 98 200 7 171 41 3

See page 741 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

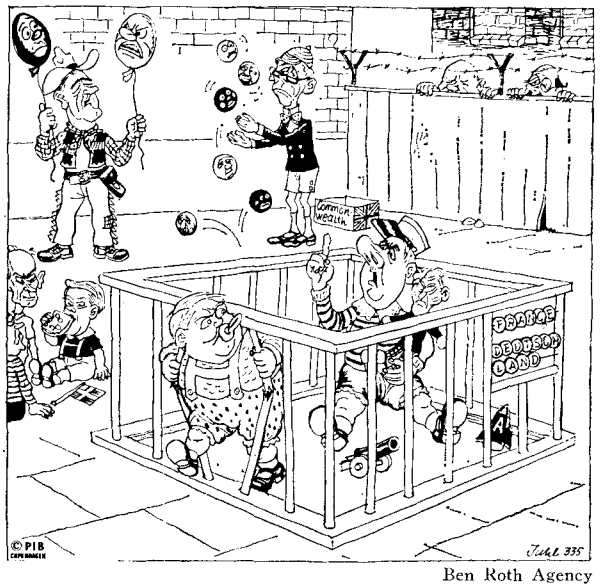
Annual tiff between George Meany and Walter Reuther forces did not take place when AFL-CIO Executive Council met in Chicago last week. Both groups were much more concerned with stemming inroads Sen. Barry Goldwater is apparently making in organized labor ranks. . . . Al Barkan, director of COPE, says COPE expects to raise $2 million this year for political use; that COPE may kick in as much as $10,000 to support senatorial candidates, $3,000 to support congressional candidates. . . . So far, 92 congressmen are on the COPE goodie-goodie list.

Sen. Humphrey reportedly worried now that things are looking too good for him at Atlantic City; he fears his friends may do to him what Bobby Kennedy's supporters did for Bobby. . . . Humphrey's Big Bertha will be his new book, The Cause Is Mankind—A Liberal Program for America, scheduled for release August 17, just one week ahead of the Convention. . . . NAACP, Urban League, other more sober civil rights forces still working to head off demonstrations at Atlantic City, but getting little cooperation from the radicals.

First post-Vietnam crisis opinion polls show 85 per cent of the American people supported President Johnson in his orders to strike North Vietnam PT-bases. . . . Opposed: who else but Bertrand Russell, who believes the war in South Vietnam is a "popular national revolution which has a non-Communist leadership." . . . Pres. Johnson's protest to Hanoi arrived shortly after the U.S. planes; the International Control Commission having refused to forward the note on the grounds that the handing on of diplomatic notes was not its mission.

Italy's Il Tempo reports that Goldwater's statement "extremism in defense of liberty" etc. is being quoted "all over Europe by millions of people unused to sudden hope. It means to them that justice and freedom will one day triumph over Communism." . . . Alain Clément, of Le Monde, in a discursive post-San Francisco piece informs his readers that in the Senate Goldwater had voted "against all important legislation."

Since the Wall went up three years ago last week, 20,000 East Germans have escaped, through, under and over it and 54 persons (at least) have been killed. . . . French officials privately worried that Peking may intend to make Paris its main subversive base in Europe. While



Ben Roth Agency

PLAYMATES

only a handful of French diplomats have been sent to Red China, more than 100 Chinese have arrived in Paris. The Quai D'Orsay fears they may concentrate on the thousands of students from ex-French Africa now studying in Paris. . . . Gaston Soumaliot, the Congolese rebel whose forces took Stanleyville a fortnight ago, is a Peking graduate whose base of supply is the ex-French Congo.

Latest Presidential ukase to the State Department: use more airmail stamps. The Department has been receiving 300,000 words by cable a day from its embassies around the world—the equivalent of three-quarters of "Gone With the Wind."

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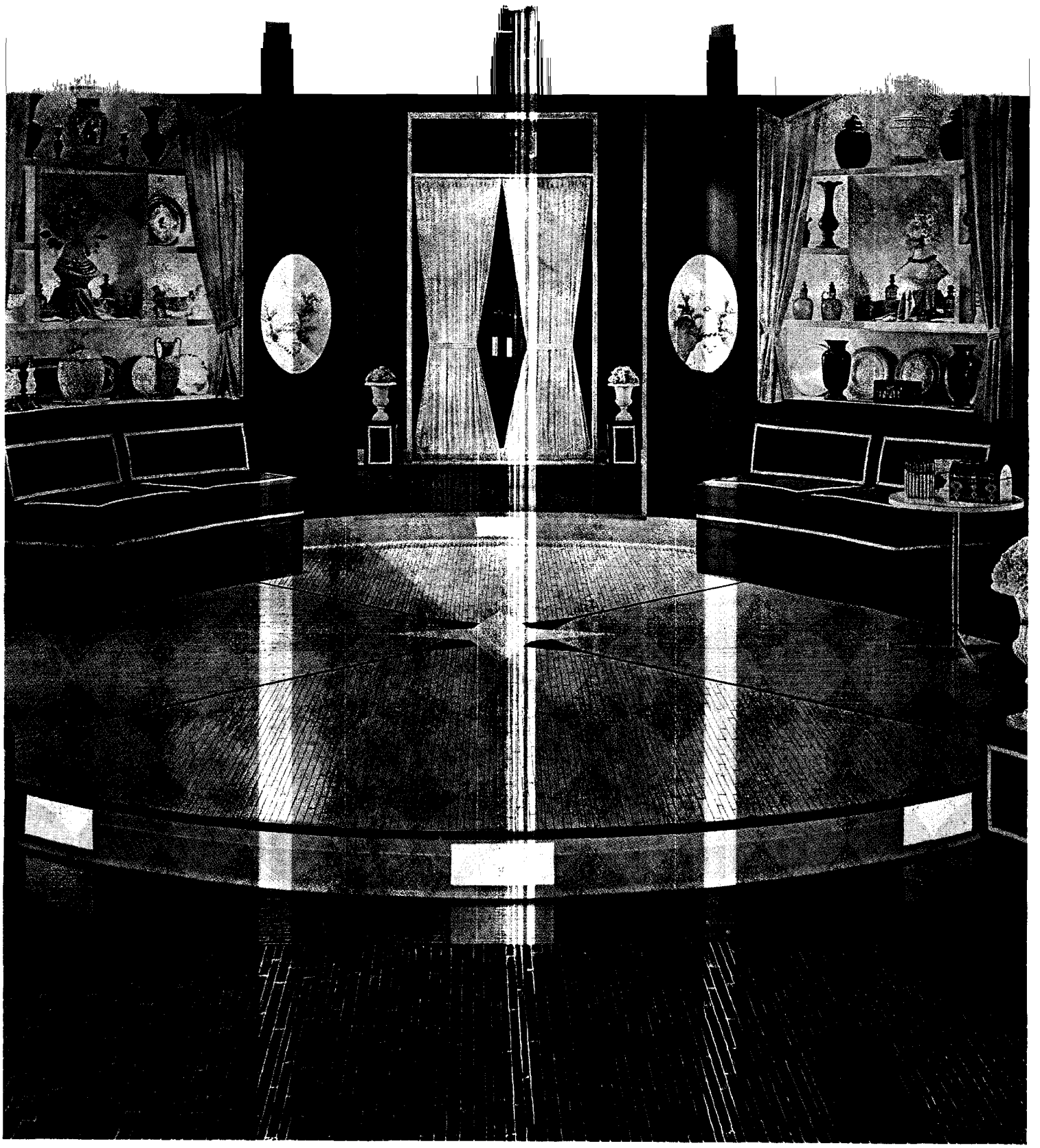

Floor featured in this Boutique is new Kentile® Bamboo Solid Vinyl Tile. Size: 4"x36". Colors: Silver and Chinese Black. Riser Base is White KenCove® Vinyl. Floor design and interior by C. Eugene Stephenson, F.A.I.D.

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

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